NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

L. MARIA CHILD, Editor. | Without Concealment----Without Compromise. | DAVID LEE CHILD, Assistant Editor.

VOLUME III.---NO. 27. | NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1842. | WHOLE NUMBER 131.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
BY THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
At 143, Nassau Street, New-York.

☞ All remittances, and letters relating to the pecuniary concerns of the paper, should be addressed to ISAAC T. HOPPER.

☞ Letters relating to the editorial department should be addressed to L. MARIA CHILD.

TERMS.—$2,00 a year, in advance; $2,50 if not paid within six months.

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H. M. HENRY, PRINTER.

Selections.

From the New-York American.

MEXICO AND TEXAS.

MESSRS. EDITORS: With your permission, I propose to call public attention, through the medium of your columns, to a subject which, though little regarded at the present period, involves the most momentous considerations in reference to the welfare of our country, and the interests of humanity. That subject is, the Mexican and Texan concern, as connected with the policy of the South.

For some time past, the public mind has been at rest on this once agitated subject. It has been supposed, that the question of the annexation of Texas to this Union, was long since ultimately decided, and the very idea abandoned. So general has been this impression, that abolition itself has been lulled asleep, and vigilance thrown off its guard.

In the midst of this profound slumbering of the community, a note of warning breaks upon the ear. The trumpet tones of the sage of Quincy startle us from our illusive dreams of safety, and give ominous premonition of approaching danger. Time is it, indeed, that we open our eyes, and prepare for the crisis evidently now at hand!

In a few brief communications for your highly respectable journal, I pledge myself to show that the dismemberment of the Mexican republic, and the annexation of a large portion of it to the United States, for the purpose of strengthening the hands of southern slavery, has for a long time been a favorite project with the Southrons and their supporters; that to this end, various attempts have been made to embroil the two countries in war; that, to accomplish the latter object, gross provocations have been given to Mexico by large numbers of our people, and even by our government itself; and that, presuming on her supposed weakness, and availing ourselves of her intestine commotions, we have, while making an ostentatious display of magnanimity towards her, violated her territory, encouraged her enemies, and in various ways so maltreated her, that, had we pursued a similar course in relation to any nation under circumstances favorable for the redressing of grievances, we should long ere now have been called to account for these misdeeds, by the deafening thunders of that nation's voice, uttered in peals that would shake the solid earth, from her myriad-mouthed artillery!

All this, Messrs. Editors, I propose to show, in the face of the sun. And you will agree with me in saying, that if these things are so, public attention should be called to the subject, and that without delay. If, indeed, we are tarnishing our national honor, by exercising injustice towards supposed weakness, and that, too, for the accomplishment of an object, which, *if* accomplished, would be to us the curse of curses; if, in short, we are wronging Mexico, to strengthen and perpetuate the reign of slavery in our country, and to put the yoke upon our own necks; surely, it is high time that this matter were distinctly and universally understood. And when to these considerations is added the reflection, that Mexico, in a *just* cause, might prove herself more formidable than we are aware, especially if sustained by foreign sympathy and aid, so likely to be afforded at a period like the present, in which aggressive war is no longer the popular affair that it was wont to be; we may well look about us, and count the cost, ere we, like the dog in the fable, grasp at the shadow, and, by so doing, endanger the substance.

The sources from which I shall draw, to sustain my positions in this development, are of the highest order, insomuch that not a vestige of doubt will remain in any mind that will accompany me through the brief investigation that I propose to make. The materials at my command are also ample, some of which are already before the world, and some are to be brought forth now for the first time. I trust, therefore, that you will not deem the small space which you devote to my communications, as being poorly occupied. With this remark, I close my introductory communication.

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PART SECOND.

In accordance with the proposal in my introductory communication, I now address myself to the task (if I may so denominate it) of substantiating the statements therein made. And first, the one that relates to the contemplated dismemberment of the Mexican republic, for the purpose of strengthening the slave States of this confederation.

I said, that such a project had been long in contemplation. In proof of this position, I quote, in the first place, from the Braintree address of ex-President Adams to his constituents, delivered in September last. In that address he holds the following language:

"The dismemberment of our neighboring republic of Mexico, and the acquisition of an immense portion of her territories, from the mouth of the Rio del Norte to its source, and thence across the continent of North America to the Pacific ocean, including the port and harbor of San Francisco, in California, has been a gigantic and darling project of Andrew Jackson, already formed upon his first accession to the presidency: shaped and matured during its continuance; and which he once suffered himself to be deluded into the belief, was so near its accomplishment, that he actually offered the government of the territory of Texas to Hutchins G. Burton, a distinguished citizen of North Carolina, now deceased, but in his lifetime well known to me."

This single statement of this distinguished individual would suffice, were there no additional testimony. But so great is the mass of evidence to the same purpose, that it is difficult to know what portion of it to present, in communications so brief as these. I will now say in general terms, that the committee that undertook the defense of Gen. Jackson, at the period of his first nomination for the presidency, against the charge that he was a participator in Burr's conspiracy, do not even pretend to clear him of that part of it relating to the conquest of Mexico, but only of what relates to the dismemberment of this Union. And *had* they thus attempted, Jackson's own declaration would have tended to confute them: for, in a letter of his to Gov. Clairborne, of Louisiana, dated Nov. 12, 1806, he says: "*I hate the Dons;* I WOULD DELIGHT TO SEE MEXICO REDUCED." Still more effectually would his *acts* have confuted them. He was an agent of Burr; he received money from him to conduct his agency; he built boats for him; obtained for him stores and provisions; was on the most intimate terms with him; and, long after the explosion of Burr's schemes, whatever they might have been, continued still so much in his good graces, as to be his favorite candidate for the presidency of the United States! So, likewise, in relation to Gen. Houston, the recent conspirator against Mexico. Gen. Jackson was fully aware of all his movements in getting up his Texan expedition; notwithstanding which, he entertained him in the most cordial manner, as he had previously done to Burr; and instead of adopting measures to check his operations, countenanced him in every way he could, as far as he dared do it, under existing circumstances. Whence this coincidence? How happened it, that the two arch-conspirators against the integrity of the Mexican republic, should, at different and distant periods, make Jackson's domicil their rendezvous? Because, to use his own words, "he hated the Dons, and would delight to see Mexico reduced."

In Mr. Adams's address, already mentioned, he says: "The severance of Texas from Mexico, and its annexation to the United States, was undoubtedly an object to the colonists who went from the United States; and Houston's design to conquer and annex Texas, was, if not concerted with him, (Gen. Jackson,) at least well known to him." And we are informed by Dr. Mayo, in his "Eight years in Washington," that volumes of testimony were on file in the War department, more in the nature of asking the co-operation or connivance of the government in that concern, than the salutary exercise of its corrective authority.

Here I must pause in utter astonishment! I find language inadequate to the expression of the feelings that ought to inflame with indignation the bosom of every honest and honorable man, in view of audacity like this! Did the desperadoes in very deed solicit aid of our government in the prosecution of their lawless schemes? Did they do this with impunity? Was the Jackson administration so notoriously in their favor, as to embolden them to make such an application; and so remiss in its duty in this instance, as to permit those who made it to escape the proper consequences of their temerity? In the language of the Spanish Cortez, when commenting on the conduct of France in the invasion of 1823, I would exclaim: "I am reduced to the eloquence of silence."

The brevity which I propose to observe in these communications, precludes my saying more at this time. I reserve other evidence touching this point till my next.

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PART THIRD.

In my present communication, I shall produce the remainder of the evidence that I intend to bring forward, touching my first proposition; viz: that for a long time, the dismemberment of Mexico, and the annexation of one portion of it to the United States, for the purpose of strengthening southern slavery, has been in contemplation by many of the people of this country.

At the trial of Burr for treason, in 1807, General Eaton testified that Burr disclosed his project to him; which was, to revolutionize the territory west of the Allegany; to esublish an independent empire there, New Orleans to be the capital, and he himself the chief; and to organize a military force on the waters of the Mississippi, for the conquest of Mexico.

While Houston was preparing for *his Texan* enterprise, he disclosed *his* plan to Dr. Mayo, at Washington; which was, that he was organizing an expedition against Texas; to afford a cloak to which, he had assumed the Indian costume, habits, and associations, by settling among them, in the neighborhood of Texas; that nothing was more easy to accomplish, than the conquest and possession of that extensive and fertile country, by the co-operation of the Indians in the Arkansas territory, and recruits among the citizens of the United States. This disclosure, together with other evidence of the same nature, Dr. Mayo communicated to Gen. Jackson, then President, who, nevertheless, adopted no preventive measures, but, on the contrary, nourished, cherished, and in various ways encouraged Houston; and at length returned to Dr. Mayo his letter containing that information! So, likewise, at the time of Burr's trial: Gen. Jackson, according to the statement of Judge Williams, was in possession of facts and circumstances which would have convicted the conspirators; and yet, when summoned to Richmond to give testimony, improperly withheld them, thereby enabling those conspirators to escape from punishment. To sum up the matter in the words of Dr. Mayo: "The documentary and oral testimony that had come to his knowledge, had satisfied him that all Mexico has been long since compassed, in imagination and ardent desire, by the grasping enterprise of certain piratic American citizens; and that, too, under the connivance of Andrew Jackson, while he was professing equivocal good will towards that infant republic; and in all probability as a continuance of the original conspiracy of Aaron Burr."

The foregoing view of the subject will furnish a clue to the labyrinthian policy of the Jackson and Van Buren administrations, in relation to Mexico. It has been the object to cut off a large slice of Mexico, and annex it to the southern States, to give the preponderance to the slave interest. The annexation of Texas would suffice for the accomplishment of this object; for that alone would afford territory sufficient for ten States equal to Virginia. Hence the strenuous efforts that have been made by the southrons, for the annexation. Ten additional States, in which slavery is rendered perpetual, (as it is in Texas,) cannot be otherwise than a darling object to the southron heart. And we may feel well assured that that object is not yet abandoned, and that it will not be, while a ray of hope of its realization remains. Ten such States added to this confederacy, would seat slavery on a throne of adamant, to sway his iron sceptre over the free-born millions of America, or to shatter in fragments this earth-renowned and glorious Union!

Fellow-citizens! awake to the imminent danger that threatens you with ruin. Shelter yourselves in season from the fearful tempest whose roar is already heard in the distance, to break, ere long, in terrific fury on our devoted land! From the desolating sweep of that tornado of fire and blood, may Heaven, in its infinite mercy, preserve us!

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PART FOURTH.

Having, as I think will be admitted, established my first proposition, that the dismemberment of Mexico, for the strengthening of southern slavery, has long been contemplated by the southrons and their supporters; I now proceed to the consideration of my next proposition, namely, that, to accomplish this object, various attempts have been made to embroil the United States and Mexico in war.

According to the statement of ex-President Adams, in his Braintree address, Gen. Jackson was busily engaged, between the 22d of December, 1830, and the close of that session of Congress, in the two-fold operation of negotiating, through Houston and Santa Anna, for the cession of Texas to the United States, and of kindling up a war between the United States and Mexico. The war was to be the means of acquiring Texas by conquest, through the voluntary co-operation of the Texans themselves, without the acknowledgment of Texan independence at all.

On the 8th of February, of that session, Gen. Jackson sent to Congress a war message against Mexico, recommending reprisals, and the employment of the United States' naval force against that power, should she refuse to comply with our demands, made from on board one of our vessels of war, on her coast. "The obsequious committee of foreign affairs in both houses of Congress," says Mr. Adams, "echoed back all the thunders of the war message against Mexico, without lisping a word about the constitutional, exclusive prerogative of Congress to declare war." To follow up the work, Gen. Jackson, when that session and his own presidential career were about to expire, nominated a charge d'affaires to the *republic* of Texas, which was assented to by the Senate; and thus was the independence of Texas recognized by our government, notwithstanding Gen. Jackson, in a message in the early part of that session, had deprecated such a measure, as being contrary to the policy of the United States in all similar cases; unjust to Mexico; liable to suspicion; and violative of honor, honesty, fair dealing, national faith and fame.

Mr. Van Buren, on his accession to the presidency, "followed in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor," *in relation to Mexico*, as well as many other things. At the commencement of the session of Congress, in December, 1837, he virtually recommended war against that country, by signifying to Congress that all his efforts for the preservation of peace were exhausted, and that it devolved on that body "to determine the time, the mode, and the measure of redress."

"The obsequious committee of foreign affairs," were prepared to echo the sentiments of this message also; and already the vivid imaginations of southern members were picturing to themselves the march of troops to the halls of Montezuma, and the possession of the Mexican mines; when lo! a most peculiar incident occurred at this critical juncture, which dissipated all their visions of gold and glory into thinest air! A petition of the New-York Peace Society was forwarded to Mr. Adams in Congress, praying that body, among other things, to accede to the proposition of Mexico, to refer the difficulties between that republic and the United States to the arbitration of some friendly power.

The "learned Thebans" of the administration party in Congress, seemed not to be aware, that Mexico had made such a proposal, notwithstanding the Mexican Congress had passed the resolution or decree to that effect on the preceding 20th of May, which was something like eight months before; and the chairman of the committee on foreign affairs in the house, Mr. Howard, ventured to deny the existence of anything of the kind! In reference to this matter, and the result of the introduction of the petition to Congress, Mr. Adams, in his letters to the corresponding secretary of the New-York Peace Society, says: "The petition came at a most welcome moment, affording the opportunity, at the very threshold of the session of Congress, to do what I should, perhaps, by the *rules and orders of the house*, not otherwise have been permitted to do for months, if at all: I mean, to declare to the house and the country, not only my utter aversion to a war at this time with Mexico, but the *painful* feelings with which I had seen it recommended in the message of the President of the United States." "I do heartily rejoice, that these petitions have been presented. It will operate as a *check* on the committee, to prevent their reporting *any* war measure against Mexico, which they would infallibly have done, had their disposition to it not been met at the threshold." "Your petition first brought to the notice of the whole government of these United States the *fact*, that the Mexican Congress had, by a solemn decree of the 20th of May, 1837, authorized their executive to agree with our government to refer the differences between the two countries to an arbitrator. It appeared, at first, that neither the President of the United States, nor the Secretary of State, nor the chairman of the committee of foreign relations of the house of representatives, knew the existence of the Mexican decree. It was to your petitions, that Congress were indebted for the knowledge that the Mexican decree existed." "The proposal of a reference to arbitration was so reasonable, that no voice was heard in Congress against it. The denial of its existence produced an immediate formal communication of it to the executive administration of the United States; and very soon afterwards, it was conditionally accepted. This removed all immediate danger of war with Mexico; and, if the petitioners of the peace societies had never rendered to their country any other service, they would have deserved the thanks of the whole nation for this." "The New-York Peace Society will have my best wishes and prayers, for the promotion of their principles and the success of their cause."

The length, Messrs. Editors, to which this communication has already extended, precludes me from comment, excepting to note what admirable guardians of our national concerns these same administration functionaries must have been, to acquire their knowledge of an important circumstance that divested them of all excuse for war, by means of a petition of a peace society, containing a fact published months before in the papers! Verily, "truth is stranger than fiction." JUSTITIA.

From the African Slave Trade and its Remedy.

WHAT ALLOWANCE, THEN, SHOULD BE MADE IN FAVOR OF THE NEGRO?

BY THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON.

When we find that at this period of the world there are nations not very remote from the centre of civilization, who have as yet learned the use of no agricultural implement but the hoe, and who, eager for wealth, have not energy enough to till their land, or work their mines, or in any way to avail themselves of the prodigal bounty of nature, we are apt to rush to the obvious but fallacious conclusion, that they are not men in the ordinary sense of the term, but beings of a stunted intellect, and of a degraded order.

This false conception has been the cause of infinite suffering to the negro race. During the whole controversy on the subject of slavery, it was the great defense and apology of the planters; it constituted their whole case. They triumphantly pointed at the idleness of the negro, and extracted from it a justification of the *necessary* severity with which he was treated. The error has not as yet been dissipated; many benevolent persons, judging of the African under his present aspect, despair of his improvement. It will serve better than a thousand arguments to dispel this idea of inferiority in the African, and to induce us to make large allowance for him, notwithstanding his existing debasement, if I produce before my readers individuals of European extraction, of a race which, amongst Europeans, is supposed to stand in the highest rank for energy and intelligence, who have been, in the space of a few months, corrupted and debased by oppression. When Englishmen are masters, and Africans their slaves, we charge them with sloth, deception, thievishness; and we rate them as another and an inferior order in the family of man. I am going to reverse the picture, and to show that when Africans are masters, and Englishmen their slaves, they reckon us a poor, pitiful race of mortals; inveterate thieves, and proverbial liars; too lazy to work, too stupid to learn, too base to be credited; hardly sensible of the obligation of an oath; and fit only to be hewers of wood, and drawers of water to the true believers, to whom God, in answer to their prayers, has been pleased to send them.

"It may from many a blunder free us,
To see ourselves as others see us."

Such, I shall show, is the reproach in each case; and in each case I doubt not that it is just. Let slavery be imposed on man, of whatever race, that man is found a poor, tame, degenerate creature. The black, being a slave, thieves; so does the white. He lies; so does the white. The black will not do a stroke of work, except under the terror of the lash; just so the white. The fact, in both cases, is true; and the fallacy lies, not in an erroneous opinion of the demerits of the slave, but in this—that each *forms his estimate on a being corrupted by oppression.* He forgets that it is natural that the man reared in slavery should be tainted with slavish vices; that denied access to knowledge, it is natural he should be ignorant; that, wanting a motive, he necessarily wants perseverance.

Before we can pronounce a man, or a race of men, desperately wicked, and incorrigibly idle, they must have their fair chances as men—we must give them a motive for their exertions. We must associate with the fatigues we call for, a sense of personal advantage to spring from them; we must awaken whatever there may be of native vigor sleeping in their bosoms, and we must release them from the trammels which encumber their progress, if we desire to see them advance with rapidity.

One corroboration of this doctrine is to be found in the history of Adams, who was wrecked upon the coast of Africa, made a slave to the inhabitants, and was carried to Timbuctoo. Adams was a British sailor; and our consul at Mogadore thus describes him at the termination of his captivity:—"*Like most other Christians, after a long captivity and severe treatment among the Arabs, he appeared, at his first arrival, exceedingly stupid and insensible.*"* But a still more forcible illustration of the truth of this theory is to be found in the very interesting narrative of the loss of the Oswego, on the coast of Africa, and the enslavement of Captain Paddock and his crew. He was a man on whose statement every reliance could be placed. De Witt Clinton, governor of New-York, thus writes to him, October, 1817:—"I have been urged by several respectable gentlemen, who, together with myself, repose the utmost confidence in your candor and veracity, and who have been a long time acquainted with the respectability of your standing in society, to solicit from you a statement of your sufferings and adventures." In compliance with this application, the narrative was published.

Captain Paddock was a Quaker, high in repute with the Society of Friends, by whom no man will be respected who is not strictly veracious. He himself gives proof of the effect which slavery had upon his own morals. He furnishes an elaborate description of his various modes of robbing and deceiving his master. He steals his corn, his tobacco, his fruit, his boat. He makes no scruple of telling falsehoods out of number to his master, and of purloining everything he could lay his hands on.

Of this the following will serve as an illustration: "I was soon after called away to furnish tobacco for a few who were smoking under the shade of the walls. When they had done, my second mate, who was as fond of tobacco as myself, suggested a query as to the propriety of robbing the pouch of a little. We did so, and divided the spoil among such of our company as were tobacco chewers. Not long after, some new company having come, I was again called upon to bring the pouch; and the fellow, on opening it, charged me with stealing from it. Against that charge I defended myself as well as I could. For some time I was unwilling to make the hazardous attempt again; but at last, while the Arabs were all lying asleep under the shade, I proposed to my second mate that we two should go off together to some distance, where we might have an opportunity of taking some out in such a manner as not to be suspected.

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"We sat down in the finest piece of wheat I ever saw, and commenced the business that we went upon, taking particular notice of the turns of the string, and knot of the pouch, in which, when we had unrolled it, we found two little sticks, laid in such a manner as to detect me in my next attempt upon it, and doubtless for that purpose. Having opened the tobacco, we took out as much of it as we durst, and replaced the little sticks as exactly as possible, when we rolled it up again, putting round it the string just as we found it, and hurried out of the field."

The Africans having discovered that their captives were exceedingly idle, resorted to exactly our own methods of procuring (what was formerly so much dwelt upon in this country) "steady labor in the sun." They beat them; they starved them; they said to them, "If you will not work, neither shall you eat;" and even threatened to shoot them for their indolence. Captain Paddock says, "Early in the morning of the 27th, the sickles that the Arabs brought with them were made ready, and all of us were ordered out to work." This he refused; for which he received their curses and threats, but determined not to heed them. "This controversy lasted an hour, and they got my men into the field at last. Some of them could handle the sickle as well as the Arabs themselves; and I told one of them (the man that I was fearful would be of the most service to our enslavers) to cut his own fingers, as if by accident. They all understood my meaning; and it was not long after my men had been dragged into the field, before I found they were doing very well; I mean *well* for our own purposes. Some by accident, and some intentionally, perhaps, cut their fingers and hands with their sickles, and made loud complaintts; while others, who were gathering up the grain for binding, did it in such a wasteful manner, that their work was a real loss to the owner. Upon this, the Arabs took away the sickles from those that had been reaping, and set them to pull the grain up by the roots. They did so; but laid it in the worst form that was possible. By managing things in this way, they beat the Ishmaelites, and got the victory."

Their masters, finding that all their efforts to overcome the indolence of their Christian slaves were ineffectual, directed their vengeance against Paddock, saying, "If Rias works, his men will; for he is the head devil among them."

It is curious to remark that the opinions the Africans entertained of us, bore a strong resemblance to the doctrine, now I trust obsolete, but not long ago in full vogue among ourselves, of the inferiority of the African race. All who took an interest in the question of negro emancipation, must remember the deep prejudice which was felt by the white population of the West Indies, against any approach towards social intercourse with those who had black blood in their veins. I have heard of a clergyman who was persecuted for admitting persons of color to the sacrament at the same time with the whites; of a gentleman who was banished from society for the crime of permitting his own colored daughters to ride with him in his carriage through the public streets; and upon the occasion of two gentlemen of color being admitted under the gallery of the House of Commons, when their own case was under discussion, I heard a member of parliament express, in a very animated speech, his disgust at the insult thus offered to the representatives of the people: "He had hoped never to have seen the day when the laws of decency and of nature might thus be trampled on." We are not the only persons who have insisted on this aristocracy of complexion. Paddock and others have recorded that "swinish-looking dogs, and white-skinned devils, were the appellations which were familiarly applied to them by Africans." "The Arabs were well received here; but we were more ridiculed than ever we had been, receiving an abundance of the vile epithets so common to these people, who had ever viewed us as a *poor, degraded set of beings*, scarcely fit to live in the world. The old man (Ahomed) was seated opposite the gate at the time. He spoke to me, and bade me sit down; I sat down; but, happening to sit near him, he ordered me away to a greater distance, saying, he did not allow a Christian dog to be so near him. I obeyed, and moved off a little. The women were foremost in insolence and abuse; but their children were not far behind them. They frequently spoke of us; but in such a manner as often to remind me of the old adage, 'Listeners seldom hear any good of themselves.' That saying was verified here completely. The heads of their discourse concerning us were,* that we were a poor, miserable, degraded race of mortals, doomed to the everlasting punishment of hell fire after death, and, in this life, fit only for the company of dogs; that our country was so wretchedly poor, that we were always looking out abroad for sustenance; and ourselves so base as to go to the coast of Guinea for slaves to cultivate our land, being not only too lazy to cultivate it ourselves, but too stupid to learn how to do it; and finally, that if all Christians were to be obliged to live at home, their race would soon be extinct;" and "an old man swore that we were not worthy of a mouthful of bread. They think that there are no people in the world so active and brave as themselves, nor any so well informed; and they proudly say that they are at war with all the world, and fear nobody."

Upon one occasion, the Arab appears to have had the best of the argument. "Ahomed made some inquiries of me respecting the manufactories of my own country, which I answered as well as I could; and I took the liberty to tell him how much better he would be treated than we had been, if by any accident he should be thrown on our shores; that, in such an event, instead of being held in bondage, and sold from tribe to tribe, our sultan would have him conducted back to his native country in safety. He heard me out, and then warmly retorted upon me, as follows: 'You say, if I were in your country, your people would treat me better than I treat you. There is no truth in you. If I were there, I should be doomed to perpetual slavery, and be put to the hardest labor in tilling your ground. You are too lazy to work yourselves in your fields, and therefore send your ships to the negro coast, and in exchange for the useless trinkets with which you cheat the poor negroes, you take away ship-loads of them to your country, from which never one returns; and had your own ship escaped our shore, you yourself would now be taking the poor negroes to everlasting slavery.'

Although the purpose of my voyage had been very different from what Ahomed suspected, yet I felt the sting of this reproach in a manner that I can never forget."

Upon another occasion, Ahomed drew no very flattering comparison between the conduct of Christians and that of the followers of the Prophet: "The negroes are men that you Christian dogs have taken from the Guinea country, a climate that suits them best. You are *worse than Arabs*, who enslave you only when it is God's will to send you to our coast. Never, I must confess, did I feel a reproach more sensibly."

The distinction made by the Arab between the conduct of Mussulmans and Christians, was as just as it was ingenious. Their creed permits the disciples of the true Prophet to enslave the heretics; whereas, our purer faith says, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them;" and abounds in noble passages, denouncing God's wrath against the oppressor, and particularly that oppressor who is a man-stealer, and "who taketh his neighbor's labor without wages, and giveth him naught for his work."

We remember the time when a negro slave who absconded, was convicted and punished as a thief. He had run away with his master's chattels; *i. e.* his own body. The Arab seems to have adopted a somewhat similar train of reasoning "After a few minutes' silence," says Capt. Paddock, "Ahomed accosted me, in the following manner: '*There is no confidence to be placed in Christians;* for whenever they come ashore on our coast, they bury their money in the sand, as you yourself have done, to prevent it from falling into the hands of the true believers. *It is our property.* We pray earnestly to Almighty God to send Christians ashore here; He hears our prayers, and often sends us good ships; and if you did as you ought to do, we should have the benefit of them.'"

It is very curious that, in the course of their journey, they fell in with a tribe of African abolitionists and Mahommedan Quakers. At one town, their reception was different to what it had usually been. "I inquired," said Paddock, "who they were. He replied, 'They belong to a sect called *Foulah.* They will not mix with the other inhabitants, but choose to live altogether by themselves; and are so stupid, that if the emperor of Morocco should march an army to cut off the whole race, they would not defend themselves, but would die like fools, as they are.' I asked him if they used fire-arms. 'No,' said he, 'they make no use of them; and if God was pleased to send a Christian ship ashore near them, they would neither seize upon the goods nor the men, nor would they buy a slave of any kind.' I asked him if they were numerous; and he answered, 'No, they are not numerous; but the dwellings you see on the sides of the hills yonder are theirs, and in many other places they are to be found; and wherever they are, they always keep together by themselves.' Finally, I asked him if they were Mahometans. 'Yes,' he answered, 'they are, or else we would destroy them; but they are poor, ignorant dogs, and little better than the Christians.'"

I should feel myself called upon to apologize to my readers for these lengthened quotations, were it not important to show that Europeans and Christians are not proof against that moral poison which belongs to oppression. Let a man, European, American, or African, imbibe that taint, and its virulence will be manifest in the stupidity of his understanding—in the deadness of his moral sense; it will be visible to the eye of the most careless observer, even in the external features and carriage of its victim. Reduced to the condition of a slave, he will droop and relax, and become good for nothing, or next to nothing. We see that a race fortified by early association, by the resources of intellect and education, and by the elevating principles of Christianiy, placed in precisely the same circumstances as the African, exhibits precisely the same degree of degeneracy. And can we wonder that they who have so long been the victims of every species of cruelty, should not as yet have put forth those generous qualities, and that higher order of intellect, which will not grow, except in a genial atmosphere, and on a favoring soil? Does not this rescue the African from the supposed stigma of inferiority?

Franklin defines a slave to be "an animal who eats as much, and works as little, as possible." The black, the brown, the red, the white races of men, are alike indolent when they want a motive for exertion. "Ye be idle, ye be idle," was the reproach of Pharaoh to his Israelitish bondsmen; "ye be idle, ye be idle," says the master to the slave, in all nations and in all ages.

"'Tis liberty alone that gives the flow'r
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,
And we are *weeds* without it."

* About the same estimate of negroes was at one time entertained by British subjects. "An act for the security of the subject," was passed in Bermuda, in 1730. A passage of it runs thus: "Whereas, they (negroes, Indians, mulattoes) being, for brutishness of their nature, no otherwise valued or esteemed amongst us than as our goods and chattels, or other personal estates; be it therefore enacted, that if any person or persons whatsoever, within these islands, being owner or possessor of any negroes, Indians, mulattoes, or other slaves, shall, in the deserved correction or punishment of his, her, or their slave or slaves, for crimes or offenses by them committed, or supposed to be committed, accidentally happen to kill any such slave or slaves, the aforesaid owner or possessor shall not be liable to any imprisonment, arraignment, or subject to any penalty or forfeiture whatsoever; but if any person or persons whatsoever shall *maliciously and wilfully* kill and destroy any slave or slaves, then the aforesaid person or persons shall forfeit and pay unto our sovereign lord the king the full sum of ten pounds, current money."

* Adams's residence at Timbuctoo.

From the Liberator.

FREDERIC DOUGLAS IN BEHALF OF GEORGE LATIMER.

LYNN, Nov. 8, 1842.

DEAR FRIEND GARRISON—The date of this letter finds me quite unwell. I have for a week past been laboring, in company with brother Charles Remond, in New Bedford, with special reference to the case of our outraged brother, George Latimer, and speaking almost day and night, in public and in private; and for the reward of our labor, I have the best evidence that a great good has been done. It is said by many residents, that New Bedford has never been so favorably aroused to her anti-slavery responsibility as at present. Our meetings were characterized by that deep and solemn feeling which the importance of the cause, when properly set forth, is always calculated to awaken. On Sunday, we held three meetings in the new town hall, at the usual meeting hours, morning, afternoon, and evening.—In the morning, we had quite a large meeting; at the opening of which, I occupied about an hour, on the question as to whether a man is better than a sheep. Mr. Dean then made a few remarks, and after him, Mr. Clapp, of Nantucket, arose and gave his testimony to the truth, as it is in anti-slavery.—The meeting then adjourned, to meet again in the afternoon. I said that we held our meetings at the regular meeting hours. Truth requires me to make our afternoon meeting an exception to this remark. For long before the drawling, lazy church bells commenced sounding their deathly notes, mighty crowds were making their way to the town hall. They needed no bells to remind them of their duty to bleeding humanity. They were not going to meeting to hear as to the best mode of performing water baptism; they were not going to meeting to have their prayers handsomely said for them, or to say them, merely, themselves; but to pray, not in word, but in deed and in truth; they were not going thither to be worshipped, but to worship, in spirit and in truth; they were not going to sacrifice, but to have mercy; they did not go there to find God; they had found Him already. Such I think I may safely say of a large portion of the vast assembly that met in the afternoon. As I gazed upon them, my soul leaped for joy; and, but for the thought that the time might be better employed, I could have shouted aloud. After a short space, allotted to secret or public prayer, brother J. B. Sanderson arose and requested the attention of the audience to the reading of a few passages of scripture, selected by yourself in the editorial of last week. They did give their attention; and as he read the solemn and soul-stirring denunciations of Jehovah, by the mouth of His prophets and apostles, against oppressors, the deep stillness that pervaded that magnificent hall, was a brilliant demonstration that the audience felt that what was read was but the reiteration of words which had fallen from the great Judge of the universe. After reading, he proceeded to make some remarks on the general question of human rights. These, too, seemed to sink deep into the hearts of the gathered multitude. Not a word was lost; it was good seed, sown in good ground, by a careful hand; it must, it will bring forth fruit.

After him, rose brother Remond, who addressed the meeting in his usual happy and deeply-affecting style. When he had concluded his remarks, the meeting adjourned, to meet again at an early hour in the evening. During the interval, our old friends and the slaves' friends, John Butler, Thomas Jones, Noah White, and others, were engaged in carrying benches from Liberty hall to the town hall, that all who came might be accommodated with seats.—They were determined to do something for humanity, though by so doing they should be ranked with Sabbath-breakers. Christianity prays for more of just such Sabbath-breakers as these; and may God grant, by an overwhelming revival of anti-slavery truth, to convert and send forth more just such.

The meeting met according to adjournment, at an early hour. The splendid hall was brilliantly lighted, and crowded with an earnest, listening audience; and notwithstanding the efforts of our friends before named to have them seated, a large number had to stand during the meeting, which lasted about three hours; where the standing part of the audience were, at the commencement of the meeting, there they were at the conclusion of it; no moving about with them; any place was good enough, so they could but hear. From the eminence which I occupied, I could see the entire audience; and from its appearance, I should conclude that prejudice against color was not there—at any rate, it was not to be seen by me; we were all on a level, every one took a seat just where they chose; there were neither men's side, nor women's side; white pew nor black pew; but all seats were free, and all sides free. When the meeting was fully gathered, I had something to say, and was followed by brothers Sanderson and Remond. When they had concluded their remarks, I again took the stand, and called the attention of the meeting to the case of brother George Latimer, which proved the finishing stroke of my present public speaking. On taking my seat, I was seized with a violent pain in my breast, which continued till morning, and with occasional raising of blood; this passed off in about two hours; after which, weakness of breast, a cough, and shortness of breath ensued, so that now such is the state of my lungs, that I am unfit for public speaking, for the present. My condition goes harder with me, much harder than it would at ordinary times. These are certainly extraordinary times; times that demand the efforts of the humblest of our most humble advocates of our perishing and dying fellow-countrymen. Those that can but whisper freedom, should be doing even that, though they can only be heard from one side of their short fireplace to the other. It is a struggle of life and death with us, just now. No sword that can be used, be it ever so rusty, should lie idle in its scabbard. Slavery, our enemy, has landed in our very midst, and commenced its bloody work. Just look at it; here is George Latimer—a man—a brother—a husband—a father—stamped with the likeness of the eternal God, and redeemed by the blood of Jesus Christ, outlawed, hunted down like a wild beast, and ferociously dragged through the streets of Boston, and incarcerated within the walls of Leverett street jail. And all this is done in Boston—liberty-loving, slavery-hating Boston—intelligent, moral, and religious Boston. And why was this—what crime had George Latimer committed? He had committed the crime of availing himself of his natural rights, in defense of which the founders of this very Boston enveloped her in midnight darkness, with the smoke proceeding from their thundering artillery. What a horrible state of things is here presented. Boston has become the hunting-ground of merciless men-hunters and man-stealers. Henceforth we need not portray to the imagination of northern people the flying slave making his way through thick and dark woods of the South, with white fanged blood-hounds yelping on his blood-stained track; but refer to the streets of Boston, made dark and dense by crowds of professed Christians. Take a look at James B. Gray's new pack, turned loose on the track of poor Latimer. I see the blood-thirsty animals, smelling at every corner, part with each other, and meet again; they seem to be consulting as to the best mode of coming upon their victim. Now they look sad, discouraged; tired, they drag along, as if they were ashamed of their business, and about to give up the chase; but presently they get a sight of their prey, their eyes brighten, they become more courageous, they approach their victim unlike the common hound. They come upon him softly, wagging their tails, pretending friendship, and do not pounce upon him until they have secured him beyond possible escape. Such is the character of James B. Gray's new pack of two-legged blood-hounds that hunted down Geo. Latimer, and dragged him away to the Leverett street slave-prison but a few days since. We need not point to the sugar fields of Louisiana, or to the rice swamps of Alabama, for the bloody deeds of this soul-crushing system, but to the city of the pilgrims. In future, we need not uncap the bloody cells of the horrible slave-prisons of Norfolk, Richmond, Mobile, and New Orleans, and depict the wretched and forlorn condition of their miserable inmates, whose groans rend the air, pierce heaven, and disturb the Almighty; listen no longer at the snappings of the bloody slave driver's lash. Withdraw your attention, for a moment, from the agonizing cries coming from hearts bursting with the keenest anguish at the South; gaze no longer upon the base, cold-blooded, heartless slave-dealer of the South, who lays his iron clutch upon the hearts of husband and wife, and, with one mighty effort, tears the bleeding ligaments apart which before constituted the twain one flesh. I say, turn your attention from all this cruelty abroad—look now at home—follow me to your courts of justice—mark him who sits upon the bench. He may, or he may not—God grant he may not—tear George Latimer from a beloved wife and tender infant. But let us take a walk to the prison in which George Latimer is confined—inquire for the turnkey; let him open the large, iron-barred door that leads you to the inner-prison. You need go no further. Hark! listen! hear the groans and cries of George Latimer, mingling with which may be heard the cry, "My wife, my child"—and all is still again.

A moment of reflection ensues—"I am to be taken back to Norfolk—must be torn from a wife and tender babe, with the threat from Mr. Gray that I am to be murdered, though not in the ordinary way—not to have my head severed from my shoulders—not to be hanged—not to have my heart pierced through with a dagger—not to have my brains blown out. No, no; all these are too good for me. No; I am to be killed by inches. I know not how; perhaps by cat-hauling, until my back is torn all to pieces—my flesh is to be cut with the rugged lash—and I faint; warm brine must now be poured into my bleeding wounds—and through this process I must pass, until death shall end my sufferings.—Good God! save me from a fate so horrible. Hark! hear him roll in his chains. "I can die—I had rather, than go back. O, my wife! O, my child!" You have heard enough. What man, what Christian, can look upon this bloody state of things, without his soul swelling big with indignation on the guilty perpetrators of it, and without resolving to cast in his influence with those who are collecting the elements which are to come down in tenfold thunder, and dash this state of things into atoms?

Men, husbands, and fathers of Massachusetts—put yourselves in the place of George Latimer; feel his pain and anxiety of mind; give vent to the groans that are breaking through his fever-parched lips, from a heart emersed in the deepest agony and suffering

had a day's schooling in my life; nor have I ever ventured to give publicity to any of my scribbling before; nor would I now, but for my peculiar circumstances.

Your grateful friend,
FREDERIC DOUGLAS.

From the Boston Liberator.

NEW CRUELTIES.

An individual, whose name must not, for obvious reasons, be disclosed, gives the following account of a new mode of torture, devised within the last four years at the South, for runaway slaves.

The poor creature who is to be made an example of, to deter the rest from taking their freedom, is compelled to kneel upon a bar of wood, to each end of which a rope is attached. The ropes being crossed over the sufferer's shoulders, are then drawn tightly, so as to bring the breast and knees together, and the whole person, as nearly as possible, into the shape of a ball. The process of scourging then commences, and is continued till the chance of ultimate recovery is small indeed. The slave law admits that a slave may "die under *moderate* correction," and the master finds it good policy to *kill one by inches*, (to use the phrase of James B. Gray,) if the rest may be thereby deterred from escape. The preparatory compression is of itself exquisite torture, and this close packing of the limbs occasions a single stroke of the whip to take effect at once on the sides, arms, and legs. When one side is completely cut up, the victim is turned over on the other, and thus scourged till vengeance and cupidity are satiated. "The fugitive slaves doubtless tell you," pursues our informant, "much of what they suffer, but one thing they never can tell, (for THEY DO NOT LIVE TO TELL IT,) and that is, the treatment they receive after they are carried back from among you. I verily think God could more readily forgive me for the murder of one of my fellow-creatures, than for betraying one of them back to such a fate as this. Mere killing would be mercy in the comparison."

Yet our community can allow a slave to be returned to his master, because the Constitution decrees it, and the judge awards it! If a judge dare not nobly say, "Here I will not sit to judge unrighteous judgment"—surely he might avail himself of legal technicalities *for* humanity, as well as against it. This thing must be proved "*to the satisfaction of the Judge*," runs the law. And is he *satisfied* thus to betray an innocent fellow-creature into slavery, and unto death? A sale of the brother in question having been proved, will the judge, like the brethren of Joseph, deliver up the innocent to the Ishmaelites, till he surely know that the law, which instead of God he worships, does indeed command the dreadful deed? The child must follow the condition of the mother, says slave law. Shall Massachusetts slavery be the most vile the sun ever shone on? Shall Massachusetts so rapidly outrun her sister States in infamy, that on her soil the victim may not claim that his mother's bondage should be proved? He may have been told from infancy that he was a slave—he may have been a hundred times scourged, insulted, bought and sold as such, and yet his claimant may not be able to prove his slave descent. Then again: "No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor; but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor is due." Now, is there not room for a judge, in this case of Latimer, to consider Virginia, and what are "the laws thereof?" Would any slave law that our legislature might pass, be valid? No!—is the response of every son of Massachusetts. Why not? It would contravene our bill of rights! And what is the bill of rights of Virginia? A transcript of our own: and consequently not one of her slave laws, but is null and void, and Latimer could not, therefore, be returned. We forbear to go over that most dishonored instrument, the federal Constitution. The loop-holes in it were left so broad, that any of the "timid good" among the judges might, as their progenitors supposed they would, carry a coach and six through them; much more a fugitive from justice. A fabric of much sounder texture than the major part of legal fabrications might be woven for the slave, by a close examination of the Constitution. But no soul, undwarfed by legal technics, is obliged to justify itself in this pitiful way for doing right. Every MAN knows that the law was made for him—not he for the law. Every Christian man says with Paul, "Whether it be right to hearken unto men more than unto God, judge ye!" Though all the people besides should bind themselves anew to interpret the Constitution by the supposed compact of the framers; and by the slave codes, every Massachusetts man will ask, with Pierpont, "Shall I obey my dead fathers, or my living God!" Every just judge will say of slave laws and constitutions, as did the noble Englishman, of an oppressive act of the imperial parliament, "It is of itself null and void."

But few of the community are judges and sheriffs; therefore are less deeply concerned to know what judges and sheriffs think is their duty, than they are to look into their own bosoms as respects this important case. Who is there among us that would have aided in any manner to return Latimer to slavery? If there is not, what can judges do? They can but use their best legal judgment, and issue orders which no man will execute:—therefore, on the people rests the guilt, if their decisions harm any but themselves. Let whoever respects the existing legislative and judicial order of things, (we speak to them that are under the law,) keep pure from the infection of slavery these instrumentalities, on which they rely for the welfare of their generation: for only so much of legislation and judicature as is just and right, shall stand. The rest must fall.—M. W. C.

MR. CLAY AND THE REQUEST OF TWO THOUSAND ABOLITIONISTS AGAIN.

The following is from the Anti-Slavery Reporter of November 1, and was written by Lewis Tappan.

"Now we happen to know something about Mr. Clay's sentiments on the subject of slavery and emancipation—about the retrograde movement of emancipation in his State—and his 50 or 60 slaves. First, then, he wrote to a friend of ours in Massachusetts, within a month or two, that he WAS OPPOSED TO EMANCIPATION, IMMEDIATE OR PROSPECTIVE. In his famous speech in the United States Senate, Mr. Clay said, he considered "Slavery as a curse; a curse to the master and a grievous wrong to the slave;" and in the same speech, "I will continue to oppose any scheme whatever, of emancipation, gradual or immediate." Now he tells the Indiana people, that he is willing to unite in any "practicable measure" for the removal of slavery; and at the same time writes to a whig in Massachusetts that he is "opposed to emancipation immediate or prospective." What shall we think of such a man? He now tells the philanthropists of Indiana, that if they raise $15,000, he will—emancipate his slaves?—no, but "give an answer to the petition."

We are assured from good authority—Kentucky authority—that the abolition excitement has *not* put back the cause of emancipation fifty years, nor one year, but on the contrary, has accelerated it. On conversing with a slaveholder of Mississippi the other day, who was acquainted with Kentucky and Mr. Clay, about that gentleman's letter to our friend in Massachusetts, "O," said he, "Mr. Clay does not *mean* so—he is a politician—he is unwilling to avow his *real* sentiments for fear they will be published," &c. We do not belong to either the whig or democratic party, and shall neither vote for Mr. Van Buren Mr. Calhoun, or Mr. Clay; and if not deemed too presumptuous, we would advise every reader, whoever he votes for, not to vote again for a slaveholder. The men of "Tippecanoe and Tylertoo" memory were thus advised, but they did not heed it. Let every man who prizes the Declaration of Independence—who scorns to be, or to hold, a slave—who values the reputation of his country—or fears God, refuse, from this time and forever, to cast his vote for a slaveholder, be he whom he may.—*Philanthropist*.

From the Dover Morning Star.

R. R. GURLEY.

MONTPELIER, Oct. 20th, 1842.

To the Editor of the Morning Star:

SIR—An individual, signing himself "E. Hutchins," charges me, in a recent number of your paper, with having said that "a greater act of iniquity was never committed than Great Britain perpetrated when she set the 800,000 slaves of her West India colonies at liberty."* And in the most libellous manner attempts to hold me up before the country as deserving, with a "niggardly miscreant," mingled "pity and contempt."

I have but to deny this charge, and leave its author to the penalty which an enlightened public inflicts upon the calumniator. If he has, through ignorance or prejudice, misapprehended my language, let him examine my published sentiments on pages 227 to 232 in a work entitled, "A Mission to England," and do me justice. All that I have said, is, in effect, but a reiteration of the words of the venerable John Quincy Adams, which are, "And how was the emancipation of slaves in the British colonies accomplished? By an act of Parliament—an assembly in which the colonists had no representation. In direct contradiction to the principles upon which our revolution was founded. If the question had been submitted to the decision of the legislative assemblies of the colonies themselves, do you imagine that any such emancipation would have been effected; even for twice or thrice the amount of the indemnity allowed by Parliament?"

This note is necessary only for those who do not know me. My friends, and the public who have heard me, well know the pleasure I feel in the liberty and improved condition of the West India colored population. I will thank you, sir, to insert this note in the Star, and believe me very respectfully,

Your ob't. R. R. GURLEY.

* If any body is to blame in attributing this language to Mr. Gurley, it is not brother Hutchins. He is the last man that would knowingly misrepresent anybody. He quoted the remark from an account which we gave of Mr. Gurley's address here. We certainly understood Mr. Gurley to use the language attributed to him, and so wrote it down at the time. A friend who sat beside us, also understood him so. It is not impossible but what he used *perfidy* instead of *iniquity*. We are satisfied that he used one or the other of these terms in connection with which we placed the latter. And he went on to comment very severely upon the act of Great Britain in liberating the slaves of her West India colonies, in which he expressed great doubts of the truth of the reports portraying the favorable results of the act.—ED. STAR.

Communications.

LETTER FROM ELIAS SMITH.

BUXTON, Me. Oct. 26th, 1842.

By direction of the general agent, I have been laboring for the last seven weeks in Cumberland and York counties, in this State, lecturing, with few exceptions, every evening during the time, and frequently on the Sabbath.

My reception in every place has been cordial; and, one or two places excepted, the people have manifested much anxiety to hear the whole truth on the momentous question of American slavery, and their duty in the premises.

I arrived in Portland on the 9th ultimo, being about a week behind our excellent and devoted friend Bradburn, who went to Bath. Portland, from a combination of unfavorable causes, must be regarded as far behind most places in New England, for its interest in the anti-slavery question. Pecuniary reverses, originating in eastern land, and other speculations, seem to have disheartened some who were formerly active and efficient in the cause; whilst large and increasing commercial transactions with the South, and the interests of slavery in other forms, have hardened the heart, and closed the ear to the cry of our perishing countrymen. There are, however, even here, some who have not defiled their garments;—the Winslows—the Morrels—the Fessendens—, the Dennetts *remain;* and whilst the love of many has waxed cold, and prejudice abounded, they appear, in despite of worldly misfortunes, and the treachery of professed friends, to be animated by the same spirit, which dwelt with the faithful few in the days that tried men's souls

I speak not invidiously toward others, who may also deserve honorable mention in this connection; but these I would thank, on anti-slavery behalf, for that continued devotion to the cause, which, in the day of adversity, makes them as lights in a dark place.

It being election week in Maine, I found the attention of the people engrossed with the all-absorbing idea, of political rivalry; striving by all and every means to obtain a momentary triumph over their neighbors, and thus keep alive the embers of social discord, and perpetuate the thread-bare quarrel over abstractions, for the gratification and profit of selfish and ambitious demagogues. I could but feel a sincere regret to find professing abolitionists apparently engaged in feeding the unhallowed flame, and that, too, in the sacred name of liberty. So far as my observation extended, and I attended two of their meetings, there was the same recurrence to party shuffling and management, which characterizes similar meetings of whig or democrat. A continual effort was visible to keep out of sight those points which are calculated to excite opposition, and to adopt a form of expression less offensive to prejudiced ears, than the old fashioned anti-slavery vocabulary, so long and so successfully used, contains. They *contrived* like the most wary partisans; *spoke* like them; and like them made their grand appeal to *selfishness*, instead of the fear of God, and the love of man. Instead of the open and manly rebukes of slaveholders and their northern abettors, it seemed more charitable, and polite withall, to say, "southern aggressions." Instead of the appeal to justice, and humanity, for the indignant reprobation of the robbery and plunder of God's defenseless poor, it semed much easier to speak of the "interests of northern labor, in competition with slave labor, and the vindication of northern honor against the incursions of the slave power.

In the public notice calling on liberty men to rally to the polls, the word *slavery* or *anti-slavery* was not used. In view of these things, I confess I felt, as I never had before, a spirit of self gratulation, that the interests of our holy enterprise had been preserved from falling into the hands of so treacherous and unpromising a set of measures as these;—that I was associated with those whose motto is, "without concealment—without compromise;" and with the sword of the spirit in one hand, and the hammer of truth in the other, exclaim, like the builders of Jerusalem's wall, "Why should the work cease whilst we leave it, and come down to you?"

In these remarks I do not wish to be understood as impeaching the sincerity of all who are here identified with third party; on the contrary, I bear them witness that some of them seem still to cherish the most unquenchable zeal for the integrity of the anti-slavery cause, and are ready to make any sacrifice for its promotion; among these I cannot omit to mention the true-hearted and faithful General Fessenden, who, we venture to apprehend, now gives his adherence to this measure, more from a dislike, to rupture the ties of established friendships, and break away from early associates, than from an expectation of political gain from this source, or any well grounded assurances of the ultimate success of the undertaking. What hope is there in an abstract measure, which depends solely on *numbers* for its omnipotence, whilst the very means of increasing those numbers (the use of moral weapons, by appeals to the hearts and humanity of men) are discarded as obsolete? The absurdity of liberty party, when viewed through this medium, is only equalled by the farmer, who should go forth to cultivate his fields without the necessary implements to break the soil; or the conduct of the marine, who should attempt to cross the Atlantic without steam or canvass. Let the abolitionists of Maine be reminded that they have not the materials for this work, were the enterprise itself a practicable one. The fallow ground is not yet broken up; and much of Maine is yet as sterile, in respect to anti-slavery fruitfulness, as their own rugged and unshapen hills. Portland itself is entirely under pro-slavery influence; her scores of clergymen are as "dumb dogs" on the subject of the slave's wrongs, so far as I know, without an exception; and, what is worse, some of the very foremost of liberty party men here are giving them their countenance and support! But I intended to give the narrative of my anti-slavery sojournings, not to write a dissertation. I visited North Yarmouth and Pownal, where I lectured several times; and in the latter place held a discussion with two or three champions of gradualism, in which we think the people went away convinced, in spite of their prejudices, of the practicability of fearing God and working righteousness. One of the *candid ones*, by way of bearing his testimony against my fanatical doctrines, thought fit to wipe the dust off his foot against me; or in other words gave me a severe kick *in the dark*, as I left the house on the last evening; for which I heartily forgive him.

I proceeded to Limington, in York county, where I spent over a week, and saw some fruits of my labor; having encountered some clerical opposition, and was once mobbed; principally on S. S. Foster's account The defenders of the church, having a strong wish to follow the example so worthily set up by Portland, seemed determined to regard me as that "obnoxious personage," as the mayor of Portland denominated Foster, on the night of the mob; and they proceeded accordingly. I escaped, however, without any personal violence, and succeeded in proceeding with my lecture, despite the efforts of their drunken ally inside, bawling at the top of his lungs, backed by the volley of stones outside.

From here I went to Limerick, Parsonsfield, and Cornish, and returned to this place. I have spent over a week here, lecturing every evening, and occupying part of two Sabbaths, at the Baptist meeting-house. At several of my meetings I was accompanied by the indefatigable and earnest friend, Peter Libby, who rendered the cause much aid, by his hearty advocacy for the slave. I received a most hospitable and welcome reception from Dea. Appleton and son, and Nathen Elder, esq. with whom I made my home. I had the satisfaction of knowing that here were some awakenings and conversions from among the hitherto inveterate opponents of the cause. By the way, would it not be a good plan to have an "anxious seat" in our meetings, that all *inquirers* after the truth may be found out, and at the close of the meeting have the advantage of a personal interview and conversation with all such as desire it? Seriously, is not much of the effect of public lecturers lost by too suddenly withdrawing from the people, and by not seeking personal interviews with friends and foes? Let anti-slavery lecturers, of all others, shun all *clerical austerities*, and stand among the common people. In respect of funds, I have shared the common lot. The crops in Maine were never more abundant, but money is, in about a reverse proportion, scarce. Could each anti-slavery agent pocket a barrel of potatoes, or shoulder a cart-load of pumpkins, he might *raise* something for the cause. If agents are kept in the field, (and a more important field there is not,) it must be done at the expense of those more favored with the light. E. SMITH.

P. S. I am now taking a short respite at home, not for *rest*, but to prepare for a winter campaign the battle field of freedom. E. S.

LETTER FROM OHIO.

The Baltimore Sun, of November 5th, contains an abstract of the minutes of the Yearly meeting of Friends, which had recently been convened in that city; the most interesting and important portion of which, was in relation to the subject of slavery, and the efforts in progress in the civilized world to abolish it. Born and reared a member of that meeting, and united to many of its leading members by ties of near consanguinity, I was induced to read this record of their doings with particular attention; and feel impelled to the task of offering to the public a brief review of them.

In any light in which I can view their action upon the subject of slavery, their deviation from the requisitions of Christian duty, are sadly visible; and by any estimate which I can form of the influences which have produced it, the most mournful feelings are occasioned. Intellect of a high order was engaged in the preparation of the document, as I know from personal acquaintance with many of the members, and as the public may infer from its style. Hence, it might be inferred that its manifest departures from truth, and correct history, emanated entirely from a jesuitical spirit, given over to the most willful depravity. But I also know that some of the persons, who probably assisted in the conferences of that meeting, are deeply concerned, and in some respects self-sacrificing individuals, seeking to know and to do what is right; when such are found sanctioning error, it is needful to exercise charity, and to incline to the persuasion that their deviations from principle result from imperfect intellectual vision. It is true, the Friends of Baltimore Yearly meeting are surrounded by circumstances adverse to the enjoyment of a clear perception of truth and duty, on certain great moral questions; and were it not so, it would be safest to leave to their own consciences, and to the "Searcher of all hearts," to pass upon their *motives*, and confine ourselves to the consideration of their assertions and actions.—"A deep solicitude," the document states, "was also felt that we may all, in an especial manner, avoid involving ourselves in the associations which have sprung up around us, for the avowed purpose of promoting the abolition of slavery in our country, by *political* or other means of a *coercive nature*, devised in the wisdom and contrivance of man. We fully believe that our safety as individuals, and as a society, depends upon the guidance of a higher wisdom, which, if attended to, would keep us free from all such connections, and preserve us from the entanglments and responsibility arising out of them."

The several falsifications contained in this paragraph, may possibly proceed, in part, from ignorance of the truth; but if so, what right have these Friends to testify of that whereof they do *not* know? It is evidently intended to convey the idea that the "associations which have sprung up around us," aim to abolish slavery by "*coercive*" means. Some of the Friends composing that Yearly meeting, and whose contrivance is apparent, in the preparation of this paper, have the most *conclusive* testimony that *such is not the fact;* and all *might* have this testimony; for it is scattered abroad in abundance. The anti-slavery associations alluded to bear a testimony against the use of coercive measures, louder and far more faithfully, than the "Friends" themselves do.

Another paragraph of the minutes, by stating that the action of *Friends* against slavery was prompted, in part, out of regard for the interests of the master, *insinuates* that no such motive actuates these associations. By this, and the inuendo contained in the expression, that they have sprung up "for the *avowed* purpose of promoting the abolition of slavery, leaving it to be inferred that their objects are sinister," another falsity is conveyed; whether intended or not. A lame attempt it was, to seek to cover this stab at associations of men whose high moral ground, upon the subject of slavery, the "Friends" do not venture to assume, by wording the phrase thus: "by *political* or other means of a *coercive* nature."

But let us examine the merit of their testimony against coercing the abolition of slavery by political measures. Do "Friends" in that region bear a faithful testimony against associating with their fellow-men in *all* political action? I trow not; and from what I know of the people composing that meeting, I have no hesitation in expressing the belief that out of their whole adult male population, not ten members can be found, who have conscientiously abstained from voting at the polls, in the last ten years. Further than this, I have undoubted testimony of the fact, that in 1840, at least one ancient "Friend" presided over a political meeting, which moistened its patriotism in part by "hard cider," drawn from his own cellar, (though without his knowledge of the fact that it was obtained from there, I hope and believe;) and that the same meeting was addressed by another ancient "Friend," an elder, whose mind I have some reason to believe was engaged in producing the present advice to members to abstain from joining anti-slavery associations. Now, if *any* object is worth contending for politically—if *any* evil may be removed by *such* means, what more appropriate subject for political action than that of slavery? The inconsistency of this objection to political action by anti-slavery men, is most apparent from another view of the case. It must be acknowledged, by every rational mind which reflects upon the subject, that slavery exists in the United States not by the power of the individual master—not by the power only of the slaveholding States, but by the power of the whole people of the United States, operating through the general government. This is a representative government; its officers are but the servants, the agents of the people, to carry out their will. Hence, every individual who votes for an incumbent of office, is responsible for the acts of this his chosen agent. Now, our Baltimore "Friends," who are so tremblingly alive to the danger of giving any political *opposition* to slavery, are, as I have shown, most vigorously and harmoniously engaged in political action in *support* of it, through the government. If they do not see the inconsistency, the wickedness of their position, it is not because there is not *light* enough to make it visible. I do not wish to be understood as advising political action against slavery. I do not believe that agency can be resorted to innocently, under our government, for any object; but I wish to show the Friends of that meeting their *true position;* and if they act politically at *all*, upon which side of the question such action would do the *least wrong*. How will these "Friends" absolve themselves from the responsibility they voluntarily assume, by electing the State officers, who enact all the wicked laws which sustain and perpetuate slavery in Maryland? The bad "tree" of abolition, according to their intended implications, among its "fruits" is producing more oppressive legislation. Whose will do their legislators express? Will they say, *not* the will of "Friends," although these assisted to elect them? because they voted for them for different objects? This excuse can avail but little, I think, when they know the men beforehand, and the course they will probably pursue, under the circumstances surrounding them; but if the voting for them for different purposes will excuse the voters, why will not the joining of anti-slavery societies by their members, and the anti-slavery political action of such, if it should be the real cause of the "bad fruits," be *as* excusable, when the objects of these are an amelioration of the condition, rather than a further oppression of the negroes?

We are told that the movements of Friends towards the abolition of slavery, produced no hostile feelings in the minds of the masters, nor increase of suffering to the slaves. They created no dangerous excitement in the public mind, ending in tumult and riot!" Were it not for so painful a manifestation of a dereliction of principle, it would be amusing to hear "Friends" thus charging upon the *truth*, and its promulgation to the people, as being the cause which produces riots and disturbances; and this implied censure upon its teachers, would appear ludicrous. Did not the Society of Friends itself *come into existence in a storm of agitation*, the equal of which the world has scarce ever seen, except in the present anti-slavery excitements? And are we now to sit down, and coolly charge to the blame of the martyrs, to the "testimonies of Friends," those excitements which resulted in loss of property, imprisonment, and death, to so many of the fathers of that sect? It appears so, by these minutes; for the Baltimore "Friends" will certainly have to allow a rule of their own establishing to have its full application. One would think, from the experience of the society, in the past, when bearing its testimonies faithfully, compared with its present popularity, when its proceedings are caught up instanter by pro-slavery papers, and paraded to the admiring community of slaveholders around, side by side, in contiguous columns *with rewards offered for the apprehension of five men who had assumed to exercise their own natural rights*, that "Friends" would be inclined to feel rather doubtful, at least, of the "faithfulness" of their "testimony against slavery." It appears that slaveholders no longer dread their opposition to slavery; but they are the foremost to spread it before the people. These "Friends" live in their midst, and are among their very best friends and supporters. Their social and political weight is thrown into the scale to *support* slavery; their moral influence is arrayed against those who would abolish it; and they leave the profits of actual slaveholding and slave whipping, (if any there be,) to their neighbors. They are a part of the *slaveholder's body guard;* ever ready to cut the slave's throat, if he attempts opposition to arbitrary power; for if they do not *personally* serve in military preparation, and such other appliances as keep men in subjection, they do so by their *agents in legislation*, and by their property, to carry out this legislation, given by them voluntarily, in the shape of taxes. Meantime, though *they* do not whip the slaves, for their amusement and profit, they hire agents who *do;* for they vend for profit, and consume without compunction, the products of the slave's toil; thus praying others to do *for* them, what they profess to be too holy to do for *themselves*. Their children intermarry with slaveholders; who plunder human beings by law, take from woman all protection to her chastity, and then avail themselves of the opportunity to practice the most gross licentiousness; who scourge and lacerate the bodies of their victims, systematically imbrute their minds, and sever the family relation at will.

Their social intercourse is of the most amiable and intimate character. They almost boast of it, in these words: "No ill feeling towards our neighbors who still continued to hold slaves, was entertained; they did not desire to invade the *privileges* of their neighbors, nor in any way improperly to interfere with them." True, these extracts refer to the action of "Friends" in *past* time; but connected with their denunciation of abolitionists at the *present*, what language do they speak? Why, this, "We feel *compelled*, by 'the testimonies of our society,' neighbors, to *say* that we are opposed to slavery, talk about its injustice, &c. but you understand us; we have no controversy with you; oh, no; we do not believe, more than our *fathers* did, in having 'ill feelings towards our neighbors.' We must bear our testimony, you know; but that's all. We advise our friends 'to be *quiet*, and mind their own business;' and we shall be very careful to inculcate that the matter of your outrage upon humanity, in the person of the poor negro, is no business of *ours*. The 'testimony' of our society has worked no evil to slavery; has unriveted no chains of the bondman, for the last very many years. You perceive it is perfectly *harmless;* and for the future, as in the past, we proffer you the child's bargain: 'Let us alone, and we will let you alone.'" Such is the language of these minutes, in *effect*, if not in *words;* and I have already adverted to the evidence of how the slaveholder *understands* it.

These minutes pervert the truth in another particular. They assume that the more oppressive legislation and other symptoms of increased barbarity of modern times, are the consequences of the anti-slavery excitement. Permit facts to answer this view of the matter. In former times, when "Friends" *were* "Friends," they had an influence in Maryland *against* slavery. Colored people were often manumitted; they were permitted the advantages of education; they went to school with the whites, at Sandy Spring. A lot for school purposes, near Colesville, Maryland, I have good reason to believe, was donated by Evan Thomas, an ancient Friend, upon the express condition that *colored* children should have the privileges of the school; and they did attend, and my wife was a schoolmate with them. When I became acquainted with both these neighborhoods, in 1823, this lenity towards the suffering race had been withdrawn. White children still attended the school, provided for, in part, by the good old man; but colored children were excluded, in violation of the compact under which the lot was given. In 1831, before the rumor of anti-slavery societies had reached my ears; indeed, before any were established—but when a thrill of terror pervaded the guilty soul of every slaveholder in the land, in consequence of the Southampton tragedy; when our neighbors were afraid to lie down at night, or to speak of passing events loud enough to be heard by their degraded menials,—*then* it was, I say, that a more oppressive public sentiment, and of course more wicked legislation, was aroused into activity. This effect was produced by an occurrence, to prevent the future recurrence of which, is a prominent reason for organization with those who form the anti-slavery societies.

But "Friends" have high authority to back them in these assertions; untrue, though they are. Wm. Cost Johnson, on the floor of Congress, (sent there, too, as I believe, by the votes of a large number of the "Friends" who prepared or sanctioned these minutes,) had the audacity to utter the following atrocious falsehoods, in a speech to maintain his Gag Rule of the House of Representatives, which still continues in force, in utter violation of our rights: "The abolitionists sent their agents among the negroes of the South, and by every mail scattered their inflammatory tracts and publications. *They had succeeded in effecting an insurrection in Virginia;* and men, women, and children, were murdered in their beds!

I attempted a reply to this and much other wholesale falsehood and calumny, (in which was afforded sufficient evidence that its author, Johnson, *knew* it to be such,) through the columns of the Intelligencer, which reported the speech, but refused admittance to the answer. I advert to it here, because I believe that many of these "Friends," who eschew political action *against* slavery, so fervently, must have been *aware*, as well as myself and the speaker, that he had uttered *falsehood* upon the subject; but they have given him the right hand of fellowship, and an undeviating political support, ever since.

These "Friends" seem to be aware of the "criminality of shutting out the light." Are they not guilty of this, and worse? Have they not access to indubitable testimony, that "coercive" measures are *not* contemplated by the anti-slavery societies, against which they fulminate? Is not proof enough within their reach, that abolitionists seek the welfare of the master, as well as the slave? and not the less so, because they tell the former of his iniquities, with the same plainness and freedom with which "Friends" join them in condemning *lesser* criminals? They *have* such access; there *exists* such proof at their command; but they not only shut out the light but add to this the guilt of bearing false witness against their neighbor, by *assuming* that the abolitionists aim at coercion, and then basing their arguments on this untrue assumption. I would be as charitable as circumstances permit; but, really, they have left very little room for it, if we adopt the rule which *they* appear to sanction. "By their *fruits* ye shall know them." A. BROOKE.

Oakland, Ohio, Nov. 12, 1842.

TALES OF OPPRESSION.

BY ISAAC T. HOPPER.

No. LXV.

Benjamin Clark.

Benjamin Clark was born in Virginia, and was held as a slave till he was about thirty years old, when he escaped from his oppressor, and, about the year 1808, went to Philadelphia. After he had been there about a year, he married, and resided in Middle Alley, mostly inhabited by colored people. He sawed wood, and his wife was employed as a washerwoman. They were industrious, sober people, and being without children, found no difficulty in supporting themselves comfortably. I often employed him, and always found him industrious and obliging. Their house was well furnished, and was remarkably clean and neat. Few white people, in their sphere, exceeded them in this respect. There seemed nothing to mar their comfort.

They were Methodists; and Benjamin was a class-leader, much respected and beloved by those people. He had been in Philadelphia, I think, about ten years, when one of those inhuman monsters, who make a prey of the poor and needy, went to that city, and having procured a warrant from Alderman John Douglass, engaged a constable, by the name of Richard Hunt, commonly called Dick Hunt, who was frequently employed in the infamous business of seeking out fugitives from bondage. His total destitution of honorable principle, and depraved moral character, seemed to fit him well for this employment. The claimant and this vile man broke into Clark's house, in the darkness of midnight, seized him as he lay in bed, and were about to drag him off without any garment but his night-dress. He begged for the privilege of dressing himself, which, after considerable demur, was allowed. His wife, almost distracted with terror, run out of the house and screamed, as loud as she could, "Kidnappers! kidnappers!" This soon roused the neighbors; and by the time they got the colored man out of his house, they were prepared for war. They opened their windows, and let fly a general volley of brickbats. The claimant was badly bruised, and Hunt's head was severely cut; the blow stunned him, and laid him sprawling on his back. By this time, a large crowd had collected in the alley, through which Clark made his escape.

The tumult brought to the place several watchmen. Thomas Davis, an aged, respectable colored man, lived very near to Clark—I think, next door; and he, as it afterwards appeared, was among the active persons on this occasion. Hunt and his co-worker in this wickedness, charged Thomas Davis with rescuing the prisoner; and alledged that he was the person who had wounded him. Thomas was a carter. He owned a horse and cart, and was employed by many respectable citizens. For more than twenty years, he purchased and hauled all the wood I used, and he was universally esteemed faithful and trustworthy. He had acquired a little property, and they pounced upon him, being most able to pay any damages that might be awarded in the case.

Without much ceremony, they conveyed the poor, old man to prison, and locked him up. Benjamin, upon escaping from his assailants, called at my house, and knocked at the door so violently that it startled me. I sprang out of bed, and, throwing up the window, inquired what his business with me could be, to make it necessary to disturb my family at that unseasonable hour. Benjamin was literally slow of speech, and of a stammering tongue: but, notwithstanding, he soon made me acquainted with his case. I immediately went down stairs, and let him in. He was ignorant of his friend, Thomas Davis, having been incarcerated. I invited him to go to bed, but he declined; saying he could not sleep. It was said that he was descended from an Indian woman. This I was satisfied was the case; but as the witnesses resided in Virginia, it would be difficult to procure testimony. After making myself fully acquainted with his history, I retired to bed; but sleep had departed from me, and as soon as it was light I rose. In a little time, a person called and informed me that Thomas Davis was in jail, and I went to the prison, and had a conversation with him. At 9 o'clock in the morning, the parties all appeared before the magistrate—viz: the claimant, with his coadjutor, R. Hunt, and Thomas Davis, and myself. The magistrate called upon the two former to state their complaint. I mentioned to him that I had a complaint to offer against the stranger, for an attempt to kidnap a free man; and I hoped he would give the case the precedence, as I had little doubt but the culprit would escape, unless he was closely watched. This alarmed him; he undertook his defense, however, and stated that Benjamin Clark was born in his family, and had lived with him many years as his slave; and that he had absconded from his service. I asked for proof that Clark was his slave. He replied, that he was ready to make oath of the fact. I informed him that that would not do; that I should not be willing to accept the oath of a slaveholder in such a case, even where he was not immediately interested: much less his, who had so much at stake. I inquired why he chose night for his operations, if he knew his claim was legal. He said that the abolition society threw so much difficulty in the way, that it often cost the claimant more than the slave was worth, let his title to him be ever so good; and he adopted that plan to avoid trouble. After much altercation, he requested that his case might be postponed till the afternoon, that he might have an opportunity of advising with an attorney. To this proposition I readily agreed, concluding we should see no more of him; and so it turned out. I saw that the case of Clark was involved in much difficulty, and I was not anxious to test it, if it could be avoided. As soon as the case was adjourned, he left the office.

As soon as that matter was disposed of, the case of rescue, and assault and battery was called up. The claimant having disappeared, the charge was soon disposed of. Hunt testified that, when in the legal discharge of his duty as a public officer, he was surrounded by a mob, and severely beaten; and that the man then before the magistrate, T. Davis, was the person who threw the brickbat that cut his head. After cautioning him to be careful what he said, telling him we also had some witnesses, and reminding him that he was under oath, I asked him if he *saw* Thomas Davis throw the brick that wounded him. He said he saw it come from his window. I several times expressed my doubts of the truth of his relation. At length he asked me if I thought he would swear to a lie. I replied, "As thou hast asked the question, I confess I think thou wouldst, if thou couldst make anything by it, and do it with impunity." We spent more than an hour in the examination, when the magistrate decided that nothing had appeared that would warrant him in holding Thomas Davis to bail, and he was discharged.

Benjamin Clark resided in Philadelphia many years after this event, and was never more interrupted. The claimant was evidently aware that his case was of a character that would not bear the test of legal investigation, and therefore thought it prudent to abandon further proceedings.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, DEC. 8, 1842.

THE TARIFF—COTTON—TEXAS.

In former remarks, I have shown why slaveholders feel less interest in the tariff, either as a means of encouraging home industry, or creating a home market, than the freemen of the North; that the South has, at all periods, aimed to prevent a just and equal apportionment of taxes; and that the rule of taxation established by the Constitution is as unfounded in fact, as it is immoral and impolitic in principle. For what is this exemption from taxation, and this representation, of *property in men*, but a splendid bounty upon the grossest violation of the fundamental principles of the government? It is suicidal. Think of northern freemen scraping together of their fortunes the wrecks, which the jealous and hostile policy of slaveholders has made, in order to pay them annual and immense premiums for their slave breeding and slave trading! It crazes the brain, and makes the heart sick.

Although the slaveholders have, at present, less interest in a protective tariff than we, still, they *have* had a deep and direct interest in it; and by reason of an incipient revolution in agricultural and commercial affairs, they seem likely to feel that interest again with tenfold intensity. By the first tariff act which Congress passed, viz: in 1789, a duty of *three cents* per pound was laid on *cotton*. This was one of the highest duties imposed by that act. It amounted to *twelve* per cent. on the value of the article; whereas, the rates of that tariff generally ranged betwixt *five* and *ten* per cent. It was laid wholly for protection, not of an industry already in existence, as has always been the case on *our* side, but of one *which was to be created* under the stimulus of protection! In the debates on that occasion, the slaveholders said that they had obtained some cotton seed, tried it, and found that it would answer; and that they wanted a tax on the imported article, to enable them to engage with confidence in the cultivation. They had no constitutional scruples. How this tax was regarded, at the time, by the consumers, may be inferred from the fact, that the proprietors of a cotton-factory at Beverly, then the only one in Massachusetts, remonstrated against it. Subsequently, during the nullification controversy, when the object was to break down northern manufactures, and when, to that end, the slaveholders had concluded to denounce protective duties as unconstitutional, it was denied that the duty on cotton *was* protective! Undoubtedly the protection, by reason of the cheapness and abundance of the domestic article, had ceased to be important to the grower; but this did not change its character. It certainly was not for revenue. The senate inserted it after the house had matured their plan for revenue; and besides, it amounted pretty nearly to a prohibition. But now, at the end of fifty-three years from the first enactment of that duty, a change has commenced in the affairs of the cotton planters. Their monopoly of the market of Britain, and in fact of the world, is beginning to be vigorously contested.

The *annual increase* of the production of cotton in British India, though the business is in its infancy, is greater than was the *entire crop* in the United States twenty years after the cultivation was commenced. Already, India cotton supplies a third of the consumption of England; a quantity exceeding the entire crop of the United States, so late as 1826. It is delivered in London at a cost of 6 2-5 cents per pound; which is less, by 1 4-5 cents, than it costs the American planter to deliver it on the wharves of Charleston, Mobile, and New Orleans. Add to this, freight, insurance, the British duty, and commissions, amounting to four cents more, and how will it be possible for American cotton to compete long with such a rival in the markets of Europe? How is it possible, without a strong protective duty, that it can even retain possession of our own? Accordingly, the late tariff has restored the duty to *three* cents per pound; nearly fifty per cent. on the value, if we were allowed to receive foreign cotton. While it stood at the minimum of the compromise act, *i. e.* about one cent per pound, orders, it was said, went from Boston and Salem for cargoes of East India cotton. At that time, the presses of some of the slave States began to cry earnestly for protection; and as soon as this was granted, the roar of "repeal, or nullification" recommenced in the same quarter; because, I suppose, anything *besides* their cotton was protected. All protection, except *that*, is "a gross and palpable violation of the Constitution." How is it possible for free and honest industry to continue in such a copartnership?

Nor is India the only source of danger, in this respect, to the southern slaveholders, or "farmers," as they affectedly call themselves, when they wish to make political capital with the real yeomen of the North. I allude to the actual position of the Texas question. If Great Britain and France have, as I fully believe, offered their mediation to Santa Anna, it is a signal of the independence of Texas, with a guaranty that it shall never be annexed to the United States. John Tyler proposed to mediate from the deck of a frigate; and started off two bearers of despatches to Waddy Thompson; instructing him, no doubt, to threaten Mexico with that conciliatory office. How will Waddy and "Tyler too" be dismayed to meet a joint mediation from England and France! The vast conspiracy of the slaveholders against Mexico, with their unprincipled agent, James Hamilton, and that mass of moral loathsomeness, Sam Houston, will shudder. It will be death to their hopes; the discomfiture of thirteen years of criminal plotting.

The first consequence of Texan independence, under British and French guaranty, will be a prodigious influx of em

will be so cheap, that the importation from the United States, which never was much, except of convict slaves, and by way of emigration, will be unknown; notwithstanding the pleasant bribe which Texas has pretended to offer us in a monopoly of their shambles for babe's flesh. Land is better and cheaper in Texas than in the United States. It is said to be better adapted to sugar and cotton, than our southwestern lands. It is, to a great extent, open prairie, fit for immediate tillage; whereas, our cotton and sugar lands require the previous labor of clearing. The result will be, that Texas will yield cotton, sugar, and probably rice, in abundance, at about *half* their cost in the United States. The sugar planters of Cuba and Porto Rico say that they can make it for *two and a half cents* per pound. Texas having land equally, and slaves nearly, as cheap, will make it for *three cents*. The Louisiana planters say that they cannot make it for less than six cents. With one cent duty, and the price, five cents a pound, they were lately in the depth of despair. What a lowering aspect, then, does this Texan affair now present to the southern slaveholders, after all the pains they have taken with it! It has already established an enormous drain of the white population of the South, accompanied by great numbers of slaves. It will open no market whatever for the sale of the latter, except as before mentioned. The Texans will be able to undersell the South in the markets of Europe, and even in those of the northern States, unless they are protected by a still higher duty, which our manufacturers cannot pay, if they would retain any footing with Great Britain in the markets of South America. The same fate awaits their rice and sugar. Thus that "migratory population" of the South, as Arator Taylor called it, (which has hitherto been rapidly forming *new slave States for an equipoise,*) together with their plant ing prosperity and political power, will flow off in a steady and increasing stream into Texas.

O Richard, *O mon roi,*
Le monde t'abandonne;
Il n'y dans toute la terre
Qui s'interesse
Pour ta personne.

They will have nothing left but negroes, whom they can neither employ nor feed, and whom nobody will buy. What, then, can they do? Nothing but pray for the *cholera*. It is said that they *have* prayed for the continuance of slavery; and surely it needs praying for, being in a very weak and low condition.

Then will the time have come, which was foretold by John Randolph, when, instead of the master advertising the slave, the slaves will advertise their masters as "runaways." Under these circumstances, the slaveholders would probably fight, dissolve the Union, or do any other deed of desperation, if there were the smallest chance of changing their position; but they will find that they cannot stir, any more than their poor fettered and manacled slaves. There will stand the guaranty of France and England, like "the flaming sword." If the southerners stir, an allied army disembarks in Texas, and overruns the southwest, proclaiming liberty, and giving arms to the slaves. The North will not come to the rescue. *That* the South understands, by this time. Even the "natural ally" will stand aloof.

There is one deep shade to the picture. Our poor colored brethren in Texas will be worse off than Job, surrendered into the hands of Satan, without the condition of sparing life; but so they would, were they within the United States. Their agony will not, however, be so protracted. Slavery will not, in Texas, enjoy immunities, nor be a badge of political supremacy. It will not there enlist ambition, as well as avarice, in its behalf, and govern ten millions of freemen with a whip. I should even hope that in so small and dependent a State, it would soon give way before the enlightening and humanizing influences of commercial and political alliances with powerful and polished nations, who have abolished, and are abolishing slavery, and whose irrevocable purpose it seems to be, that slavery shall be extirpated from the face of the whole earth.

I confess I should rejoice to see things in Texas take this turn; and from the past policy of Great Britain and France, I feel great confidence that they will. For why did those nations so promptly recognize Texas? though they were perfectly aware that she was held in duress by a band of foreign outlaws and brigands, and that what little worth and respectability there was in the country, was bound and kept down by their bloody hands. Those great powers tied Texas to themselves, in order that the southern slaveholders might not tear her away, and take her into this Union. Both of those governments are pursuing an anti-slavery policy. They do not wish to see slavery and the slave trade perpetuated on this continent; as they plainly perceive that it will be, if the slaveholders of these States are permitted to go on overrunning and robbing, from the Sabine to the Pacific. But they have another, and, we may suppose, with statesmen, a stronger motive. They do not wish to see the *balance of power* further disturbed on this continent. For, with such recklessness as the southern States have manifested of the *laws of nations*, those powers must see that no territory or interest of theirs, within the reach of slaveholding cupidity, would be long safe. Indeed, it cannot be doubted, that they understand perfectly that society, constituted as it is in our southern States, cannot exist, except by constant robbery of their neighbors; be they Indians, Spaniards, Mexicans, or what not. Louisiana was acquired *sixteen* years after the establishment of the government; Florida just *sixteen* years later; and the revolt of Texas (merely a new mode of acquisition) took place just *sixteen* years after that.—D. L. C.

TO THE FREEMEN OF MASSACHUSETTS.

"Speed forth the signal, clansmen, speed!"

We give below the two great Massachusetts petitions, to the State Legislature, and to Congress. They are to be sent throughout the Commonwealth for signature, and returned by the 22d of December, (Forefather's Day) to the Latimer committee, who prepared it. They simply ask that *Massachusetts herself* may be free from all connection with slavery. Is there a single descendant of our forefathers, who will not sign *such* a petition? If there be, shame on him!

Within the last few weeks, we have seen slavery trampling on the Massachusetts Bill of Rights; annulling Trial by Jury and Habeas Corpus; imprisoning without warrant, prostituting the public jails, and disgracing the public officers of a Free State.

Slavery has made the issue, of its own accord, on New England soil. Freemen of Massachusetts, accept the issue! DRIVE SLAVERY HOME!

Let every individual see to it, that every house in his own and the neighboring towns is visited with these Great Petitions. Hold public meetings in every town to adopt them. District the large towns, in order to obtain signatures with more convenience and speed.—Let the petitions go to the Legislature and Congress with hundreds of thousands of names. To effect this, let *every citizen* go to work *himself*, as brave spirits do when freedom is endangered, and humanity insulted. Work! Work!

GREAT MASSACHUSETTS PETITION.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Massachusetts:—The undersigned, citizens of the State of Massachusetts, earnestly desiring to free this commonwealth and themselves from all connection with domestic slavery, and to secure the citizens of this State from the danger of enslavement, respectfully pray your honorable body—

1. To forbid all persons holding office under any law of this State, from in any way officially or under color of office, aiding or abetting the arrest or detention of any person claimed as a fugitive from slavery.
2. To forbid the use of our jails, or public property of any description whatever, within the commonwealth, in the detention of any alledged fugitive from slavery.
3. To propose such amendments to the Constitution of the United States, as shall forever separate the people of Massachusetts from all connection with slavery.

GREAT PETITION TO CONGRESS.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America:—The undersigned, citizens of the State of Massachusetts, earnestly desiring to free their commonwealth and themselves from all connection with domestic slavery, and to secure the citizens of their State from the danger of enslavement, respectfully pray your honorable body—

To pass such laws, and to propose such amendments to the Constitution of the United States, as shall forever separate the people of Massachusetts from all connection with slavery.

HAITI.

An intelligent gentleman from Haiti, whose truth may be relied upon, says that he has a sugar establishment there, which is going on well, and bids fair to prove a profitable investment. He left Cape Haitien about a month ago. It then remained a heap of ruins; but it was, and had been, perfectly healthy; though rumor has declared otherwise. Some mercantile houses were still transacting business, and loading vessels with produce, as usual. No losses had been sustained by the earthquake, except such as arose from stone or brick buildings; and these were confined chiefly to the Cape. He says the island is increasing in population and wealth; and that individuals concerned in agriculture, generally clear from three to four hundred dollars per annum. Any one who wishes information concerning Haiti, can have an interview with this gentleman, by applying at our office, 143 Nassau street.

TEXAS.

Let abolitionists be on their guard, and not be deceived by quieting rumors. We have it *from high authority, too well-informed to be mistaken*, that the slaveholders were never more intent upon their favorite plan of annexing Texas than at the present moment. They are doubtless ready to spring the trap at any favorable moment. Let not abolitionists be lulled to sleep by the disclaimer of General Hamilton, who says he would rather *not* have Texas belong to the United States. Cats have covered themselves with meal, before now to catch old rats. Neither let them be too sure that the rumored mediation of France and England between Mexico and Texas, is going to avert the danger of annexation. It is indeed difficult to foretell what will be the result of all this plotting and underplotting; but one thing is certain—*abolitionists have need to keep wide awake*; for no single event involves such disastrous consequences to the cause of freedom, as this.

Let the opinion of the free States be earnestly and perseveringly expressed in the form of petitions and the action of State legislatures on Congress. There is *need* of this. Be not lulled into false security. Will anti-slavery papers copy the articles which we have begun to extract from the New-York American? *Prevention* is much easier than *cure*. We trust the English and Irish abolitionists will keep themselves well-informed on this important question, and will see that John Q. Adams's Address at Braintree is extensively circulated.

THE NEIGHBORS.

This is the title of a new book, in two volumes, translated from the Swedish, of Frederica Bremer, by Mary Howitt. The translator describes this author as of great popularity in her own country—"the Miss Austin of Sweden." The comparison is certainly appropriate; for this highly interesting story is composed of the same spirited, unaffected sketches of every-day life, which gives such an indescribable homely charm to the writings of Miss Austin. But though the pictures are similar, there shines through Frederica Bremer's a purer light from a better world. We were surprised to find such indications of the highest moral culture in Sweden; and joyfully do we welcome Frederica Bremer to our hearts, among the good and true teachers of our age. To use her own beautiful words, "The human heart is like heaven—the more angels, the more room." We have rarely seen a book likely to have an influence in families so entirely pure and healthy as this.

The New World have republished it in fine, closely-compacted type, for 18 3-4 cents. David Appleton, of Broadway, is preparingit at higher price, in neatly-bound volumes, with fair type.

LETTERS FROM NEW-YORK.—No. 44.

In my visit to Blackwell's island, few things interested me so much as the insane. In the penitentiary was one poor, Lascar youth, who had been there ten years, because there was no one to claim him, and he was too mischievous to go at large. I know not why he was not placed in the insane hospital, near by; for it seemed a clear case of lunacy. He sits on the ground, in the sunshine, all the time, generally in a state of stupor, but at times snapping his fingers, and laughing at something which he sees or hears inwardly; for he takes no cognizance of what is going on around him. He is at all times averse to leaving the open air; and sometimes resists, with troublesome violence, all efforts to coax or carry him within walls. Poor fellow! he lost his way somewhere in the battle of life; the world will never know how or where. From his own memory the record is blotted, never to re-appear until he enters into that existence where every word is brought into judgment. That he has suffered grievous wrong, there is no doubt. Probably, the son of some vicious mother, who sold him to a sea-captain, to get rid of him; on ship-board, he learned sensuality and violence; thence transferred to the penitentiary; doomed to live and die, without ever knowing the restoring power of gentleness.

I did not go into the mad-house, for I lacked nerve to witness insanity in its most violent forms; as I passed the building, I heard shrieks and groans, and laughter still more terrific. In the lunatic asylum, they generally seemed tranquil; and many of them happy.—With the exception of intemperance, no cause of insanity is so prolific as that of religious excitement; a fact which betrays an exceedingly unnatural and false state of things in theological teaching. But in this, more than in other things, it seems as if mankind were fated to exhaust every species of error, before they arrive at truth.

The most amusing form of insanity that came under my eye, was a diseased-enlargement of self-esteem. One woman, dressed in fantastic decorations, called herself Lady Mary, and pompously displayed her patent of nobility; another imagined herself the widow of General Washington, and talked largely of the battles she had fought, and still would fight, if her troops would only rally round her; a third was rolling off Latin sentences with great volubility, and complaining of the mis-pronunciation of the vulgar.

Phrenology has unquestionably been of great use in pointing out the causes of insanity, and in helping to give increased light on the subject of its treatment. I know many scholars entertain a strong contempt for this science, considering it the democracy of metaphysics; but I believe it will by no means prove a farthing rushlight in the history of disease and crime. A case of painful interest is said to have occurred a few years since in Baltimore. A wealthy gentleman had a wife much observed for her beauty, and winning manners.—She was quite an idol in general society, and much beloved by her acquaintance. Her husband was strongly attached to her, and very proud of her. Soon after the birth of her third child, she had a fever, which endangered her life. She recovered, however, and appeared the same as formerly. The first thing which excited attention to any change in her character, was the charge of having stolen a valuable lace veil from a store where she was purchasing other goods. Her husband indignantly repelled the accusation; but she, with a flood of tears, acknowledged that it was true. "But, my dear," said he, "what *could* have tempted you? You can have a hundred dollars, whenever you wish it." "I know that," she replied; "but it seemed as if something possessed me to take that veil, and as if I couldn't help it."

This disagreeable affair was settled by the payment of money; but it was not long before a similar case again occurred; and again, and again, and again; though each time the confession was made with an agony of tears, and the most fervent promises of amendment. She seemed keenly alive to the distress her proceedings occasioned a beloved husband, and the shame they would bring on her darling little children; but still the excuse was, that the temptation proved so strong at the moment, it seemed as if she were possessed. At last, the offense was committed against one, who insisted upon bringing it to trial. The case was accordingly brought into court, and much compassion excited by the pale countenance of the husband, and the agonized expression of the beautiful culprit. Her physician testified that, according to his belief, it was a case of partial insanity; that so far as could be ascertained by diligent inquiry, nothing of the kind had ever happened, from her childhood upward, until after that memorable fever. In one respect, her pilferings differed remarkably from usual theft: she attempted to make no concealment of her stolen goods, but with a sort of childish eagerness, would display them to every acquaintance who came in her way; telling the name of the store, and advising them to go and purchase of the same.

The sympathy excited was so great, that it produced a reaction among the populace; and they complained loudly that the crimes of the rich were very apt to be called insanity. She was reluctantly sentenced to the penitentiary, but in consequence of a petition, very numerously signed, was finally pardoned, and the whole family left the country.

I have heard of other cases similar to this; and when phrenologically examined, it was found that sickness had greatly enlarged the organ of acquisitiveness. Some are unwilling to be convinced of facts like these, because they say they tend to fatality. But is it not likewise a most unfortunate fatality, that men inherit insanity and nervous melancholy from their ancestors?

Among the inmates of the lunatic asylum were two crazy children. I had never happened to think of such a thing, and the sight struck me painfully. In both cases, the derangement was occasioned by fits; but one was loud and violent, the other quiet and idiotic. The latter came to me, with great joyfulness of look and tone, and displaying an apron full of chips, exclaimed, "I've got sticks in my lap!" The poor little thing had deep, affectionate eyes, and as she looked up into mine, I involuntarily folded her to my heart, and parted her hair tenderly. It was a transient movement, occasioned by an impulse of pity; but from that moment, she clung to my side, and followed me everywhere. To every word addressed to her, she answered only, "I've got sticks in my lap!" And this she repeated fifty times over, to every one that looked at her. At last one of the women superintendents came along, and somewhat sternly ordered her to give up her sticks. The child looked disappointed, but at once emptied her apron, and ceased to repeat her joyful phrase. It was a simple incident, but nothing I saw at Blackwell's island so cut me to the heart. The poor little diseased thing seemed so *happy* with her sticks! I inquired why they must be taken from her, and the reply was, that she would soon have them all over the floor. I thought to myself I would rather see her happy in building chip houses on the floor, than to see everything so elaborately neat. In all these great establishments, I apprehend that the temptation is great to attend more to the appearance of things to visitors, than to happiness of soul in the inmates. This building was beautifully airy and clean, and many of the rooms were decorated with evergreens and flowers. This is a great improvement upon the old *regime* of chains and scourges. The truth, that Love is omnipotent, is slowly dawning upon men's minds. They have discovered that even the violence of insanity is better guided by gentleness than by coercion. Reluctantly, fearing and doubting as they go, they will finally learn that the same thing is true of the moral insanity, which men call crime.—L. M. C.

☞ William F. Channing, of Boston, complains that we give him *all* the credit of editing that spirited little sheet called the Latimer Journal. He says that a large portion of the credit belongs to Dr. Henry I. Bowditch, for much of the labor fell on him; particularly as he himself was obliged to be absent from the city several days. That they have *both* been most zealous and indefatigable, we know. God bless them for it, and make them ever more and more worthy of the names they inherit from their great and good fathers.

The Latimer Committee, who take charge of the GREAT PETITION, are William F. Channing, Henry I. Bowditch, and Frederic S. Cabot.

☞ Cynthia B. Potter is respectfully informed that I have taken the best measures I could in reference to the interesting case to which she called my attention.—L. M. C.

THE FIRST PAGE.—It well deserves an attentive reading. The article from Thomas Fowell Buxton's book is *full* of instruction. Let every one read it, who still clings to the idea that the slaves belong to a race necessarily and irretrievably inferior.

Read the letter from Frederic Douglas, *himself a fugitive slave!* and then tell me what you think of the laws which make such a man a chattel, and offer him for sale at auction with "horses and oxen, and sundry old candle-boxes?"

Anti-Slavery Items.

LAW AMONG FREEMEN.—Judge Shaw, of Massachusetts, has in effect decided, in the Latimer Case, that if a man, and especially a negro, though born in Boston, and never out of the State, is only *claimed* as a slave, he *owes* that moment the right of being tried by a jury—must be sent, on *prima facie* evidence merely, to the southern States, to have the question *properly* settled. To think of a free State's *presuming* a man to be a slave, and not even allowing him a chance to *prove* himself free!

WHOSE BUSINESS IS IT?—Henry Clay said to Mr. Mendenhall, of Indiana, "Slavery is our *misfortune*, not our *fault*; but whether our misfortune or our fault, *it is none of your business.*"

According to the above decision, it would seem as if slavery *was* our business; since any man among us is liable to be seized and carried off as a slave, without judge or jury.

THE MASSACHUSETTS FAIR.—The supply of handsome articles is great, yet we hear that the demand is likely to exceed the supply. England, Ireland, and Scotland are busily preparing to make the foreign table as valuable as possible. The Fair will be interesting as a gallery. A splendid original picture, by Vandyke, presented to the anti-slavery cause by Mr. Gore, will be for sale; likewise an excellent portrait of Dr. Channing, the last for which he ever sat. Many other beautiful pictures will likewise be for sale.

NOVEL DECISION.—The Boonville (Mo.) Observer says, that, at the present term of our circuit, Judge Morrow, presiding, a negro slave was brought into court, charged with having forged an order on one of our merchants, and the indictment was quashed on the ground that a negro could not commit forgery. The reasons which determined this decision were not very clearly stated; but his honor was understood to say, that, by the constitution and laws of the country, negroes are not recognized as *persons*, any more than any other animals.

This decision sounds oddly enough in comparison with an advertisement, which we copied from the National Intelligencer a few weeks ago, describing a runaway slave as "very intelligent, and an excellent mathametician."

SLAVERY vs. FREEDOM.—The citizens of Norfolk, Va. with the mayor at the head, have called a public meeting to consider "the outrageous proceedings of the abolitionists, and the high sheriff, and other authorities of Boston, in the case of Latimer, a runaway slave, the property of Mr. James B. Gray, a citizen of that Borough." The good people of Norfolk seem to think, because Virginia is disgraced by the existence of slavery, that the free State of Massachusetts, too, should rest under the same stigma.—*N. Y. American.*

JOHN SCOBLE, Esq.—This gentleman has been appointed Secretary to the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, in the room of the late Mr. Tredgold.—*Leeds Mercury.*

POLITICAL ABOLITION.—The number of abolition votes polled at the recent election in the State of

	Abolition.	Total votes.
New-York, was	7262	401,420
Massachusetts,	6179	114,339
Michigan, about	1500	say 45,000
Ohio,	5403	280,088
Vermont,	2093	53,425
	22,437	874,272

JUSTICE!—A negro was lately knocked down and robbed, by three white ruffians, in one of the streets of Baltimore. The negro knows the robbers, but has no redress, because the oath of a negro is not to be taken against a white man. So says the American Mechanic.

A SOUTHERN PROPOSITION.—The Lynchburg Virginian, after dilating upon the danger to the South, of the new zeal of the abolitionists, and suggesting a southern convention in order that the slaveholding States may act in concert—adopts and reinforces the following notable abduction project:

"If the abolitionists, then, hold out inducements for our slaves to runaway, or avow their agency in preventing their recovery after they have escaped, the suggestion of the Danville Reporter is not without good reason—to wit, that societies should be formed in the South, *for the abduction of all such men as Gerrit Smith*, and their transportation to the South, there to be dealt with, not by the mob, according to the Lynch code, but by the law of the land; which, for similar acts, perpetrated by one of its own citizens, adjudges a cell in the penitentiary the most suitable abode. The northern papers will probably hold up their hands in utter abhorrence of a proposition seemingly of so violent a character. But to our mind it seems to be precisely fitted to the crime which it proposes to punish and to check. Our motto is, 'Hands off! Let us alone and we will let you alone.' But if our northern *brethren* will not consent to this rule of mutual forbearance, then we say to them, if you steal our negroes, or hide the stolen goods, we will abduct and punish the rogues. And that it will come to this, or worse, before many years, no one can reasonably doubt who has an opportunity of witnessing the frequent displays of the ferocious spirit of the abolitionists, or who is aware of the indignant feelings of resentment which facts such as those above referred to must necessarily arouse, in every slaveholding State."

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN TURKEY.—Lord Palmerston having complied with the wishes of his anti-slavery friends, by directing the British ambassador at Constantinople to interpose with the Turkish government some representation on the subject of slavery, received from him the following characteristic epistle:

Viscount Ponsonby to Viscount Palmerston.

THERAPIA, 27th Dec. 1840

MY LORD—I have paid the greatest attention to your lordship's several instructions on the subject of slavery in Turkey, with the hopes of arriving at some result that would afford a chance of obtaining, in any degree, the object your lordship so earnestly desired to accomplish. I have mentioned the subject; and I have heard with astonishment, accompanied with a smile, at a proposition for destroying an institution closely interwoven with the frame of society in this country, and intimately connected with the law and with the habits, and even the religion, of all classes of the people, from the sultan himself, down to the lowest peasant.

The sultans for some centuries past have never married, and the imperial race is perpetuated by mothers who are slaves.

In all other countries, slaves may be, and often are, the mothers of legitimatized children, who are in all respects as much esteemed as those of legal wives.

The admirals, the generals, the ministers of state, in great part, have been originally slaves. In most families, a slave enjoys the highest degree of confidence and influence with the head of the house.

To carry what your lordship desires into execution, it will be necessary to limit the law of succession to the crown, and alter the policy that has so long guided the sultans in that respect; and to change fundamentally the political and civil institutions, and laws, and all the domestic arrangements of the people. Universal confusion would perhaps be the consequence of such violent changes; and probably those persons intended to be most benefited by them, would be the greatest sufferers.

The slaves are generally well protected against ill treatment by custom and the habits of the Turks, and by the interests of masters and their religious duty; and perhaps slaves in Turkey are not to be considered worse off than men everywhere else who are placed by circumstances in a dependent situation; whilst, on the other hand, they may attain, and constantly do enjoy, the highest dignities, the greatest power, and largest share of wealth of any persons in the empire.

I think that all attempts to effect your lordship's purpose will fail, and I fear they might give offense if urged forward with importunity. I was asked, "What would the English government think of the sublime porte, if it was to call upon the sovereign of England and the people of England to alter the fundamental law of their country, and change its domestic habits and customs in order to please the taste of the Turks?"

I could perceive, in spite of the good-humored politeness with which this question was asked, that there was something like wounded feeling in the speaker.

The Turks may believe us to be their superiors in the sciences, in arts, and in arms; but they are very far from thinking our wisdom or our morality greater than their own. I have, &c.

PONSONBY.

The right honorable viscount Palmerston, G. C. B &c.

EMANCIPATION IN THE FRENCH WEST INDIES.—The Paris correspondent of the National Intelligencer, thus announces, under date of November 1st, that the commission charged by ministers to consider the expediency of negro emancipation in the colonies, had decided in its favor:

The French colonial delegates till daily in the journals against the plan of negro emancipation—a measure which the government commission under the Duke de Broglie have matured on paper. Several of the most influential editors reply to the Delegates: "Your struggles and the counsels and remonstrances of the colonial authorities are vain; emancipation *must* be; make the best of necessity."

OBERLIN.—A letter from Ohio says: "The colored students here are doing well. The one in the senior class in college is said to be the best scholar in his class. On the first of August, we were gratified with hearing addresses from two of the colored students, which did them much honor. One of the professors sat gazing upon them with tears chasing each other down his face, and I do not think there was a dry eye in the house, though it was crowded full."

THE ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR PLAN.

The following Resolution was unanimously passed at the late Annual Meeting:

Resolved, That a "ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR" Subscription List be commenced, and that Individuals, Parties, Societies, and Towns, be earnestly requested to be Parties thereto.

In compliance with this resolution, we shall set apart a corner of the paper for the acknowledgment of these ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR RECEIPTS, distinct from the Treasurer's usual account.

Amount previously acknowledged,	$5,700

TREASURER'S RECEIPTS

For the week ending 12th mo. (December) 6th.

Received for the Standard.—The following persons have each paid $2: A. D. Green, Warwick, R. I.; Joel S. Stevens, Winchendon, Mass.; Roannah Murdock, do.; Pitkin & Hand, do.; George Hildreth, Shirley, Mass.; Sarah Taggart, Keene, Ohio; Milo A. Townsend, Fallston, Pa.; Thomas G. Wells, Boston; Benjamin Snow, Lunenburgh, Mass.; D. Boutelle, Fitchburgh, Mass.; Jonathan Drake, Leominster, Mass.; Hannah Hiatt, Richmond, Ia.; John Hussey, Aurora, N. Y.; Barney Corse, New-York city; Richard H. Corning, Syracuse; Alden B. Farnham, James C. Tallman, M. E. H. C. Waldron, Lucy D. Allen, Bath, Me.; Samuel Colt, New-York.

Dr. A. Godding, Winchendon, Mass. $1; Geo. Brown, do. $1; Peck & Pollard, do. $1; Seth Tucker, do. $1, J. A. Peters, Leominster, Mass. $1; Maria P. Baldwin, do. $1; Sandford Guilford, Sherwoods Corners, N. Y. $1; Ann Wood, Aurora, $1; Sundry persons at North Attleborough, Mass. $10; George Orr, Steubenville, Ohio, $112 98, omitted; Allen C. Merritt, Rochester, N. Y. $1; John Hutchens, Waterloo, N. Y. $1.

Donations.—Ann Pound, Rochester, $2; Dr. Godding, Winchendon, Mass. $1; George Brown, do. $1; Mr. Robbins, do. 25 cts.; Daniel Foster, Templeton, Mass. $1; Donations in Gardner, Mass. $18 22; Benjamin Snow, Lunenburgh, Mass. $3; Amos Oakman, Fitchburgh, Mass. $2; W. T. Wilder, do. $1; Abel A. Adams, do. $2; Mr. Kinsman, do. 50 cts.; Benj. Snow, jr. do. (on account of pledge,) $50; Lydia L. Walker, Leominster, Mass. $1; Hannah Crosby, do. $1; Dr. C. C. Field, do. $1; J. Haskell, do. 25 cts.; Louisa Darby, do. 25 cts.; John Snow, do. 50 cts.; Rev. R. P. Hebbens, do. $1; Abel Bowers, do. 50 cts.; John Crosby, do. 50 cts.

ISAAC T. HOPPER, *Treas'r.*

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

General Items.

☞ *United States and Mexico.*—The plot thickens. The Newark, (N. J.) Advertiser says: The Missouri war steamer has already been despatched to the Gulf of Mexico, with a special messenger; and it is now said that a squadron is getting ready to meet her there in January next. The Independence, Commodore Stewart, the Constitution, 44 guns, the Vincennes, Commodore Buchanan, it is added, are all to be ordered on this service, to meet the West India squadron.

David Turnbull.—This gentleman has arrived safely at Nassau, N. P. He was sent quick-step from Cuba, with orders never to be seen there again, on pain of being treated as a disturber of the peace. It will be recollected, that he acted under orders of the British government, being appointed to investigate into certain violations of the treaty made with Spain for the abolition of the slave trade.

Fire at Oswego, N. Y.—There has been a very destructive fire at Oswego, which has consumed several blocks of flour mills and warehouses, and a large amount of valuable property. The wholeloss is estimated at more than $100,000. Five of these buildings were owned by Gerrit Smith. Not even the books and papers were saved. The buildings were insured to the amount of $15,000, and the merchandise partially insured.

Horrible Brutality.—A man named Williams, residing at the time near "Lick Skillet," in Winston county, some two or three weeks since, took a little negro girl and swung her up in a horizontal position, her head about two feet from the ground, and her feet about one foot, and while in this position commenced whipping her. Every time the girl made any demonstration of pain, the fiend jogged her with a sharp stick he had prepared for the occasion. In this manner the monster continued his cruelties nearly all night, or until he fairly tired out, when he released his victim; she died the next day, and was buried. The neighbors suspected that all was not right, disinterred the body, held an inquest over it, and brought in a verdict accordingly. The sheriff, with a posse of men, went in pursuit of the miscreant, but they were unable to catch him, he having fled. Williams has heretofore borne a good moral character, but it is now surmised by many that he has also whipped to death another negro girl, as there is another grave near the spot where the last unfortunate victim was interred, which is supposed to be that of a girl that disappeared suddenly about a year ago.—*Atala (Miss.) Gazette.*

The Bankrupt Law.—The Journal of Commerce says: "Persons who intend to take the benefit of this law, had better be about it. There is good reason to think it will be repealed at the next session of Congress. It passed by a very close vote; and we personally know of members who voted for it before, but will vote for its repeal now. The legislature of Vermont has passed resolutions in favor of repeal, by a unanimous vote.

Outrageous Villany.—Somebody, who it is to be hoped did not realize the awful consequences that might attend his wicked mischief, placed a tree across the railroad track, between Auburn and Rochester. The engine was running at the rate of 20 miles an hour; and had not a snow-plough luckily attached to the locomotive, cut the obstruction in two, there would unquestionably have been great loss of life. A similar trick has been played near Saco, Maine. Certain workmen, defrauded by a sub-contractor, took this horrible method of revenge.

Millerism.—The organ of Millerism claims that there are at this moment "seven hundred clergymen engazed in preaching the principles of Miller; and the number of persons who profess to believe that Christ will make his second advent next year, is estimated to be not less than one million."

Singular Case of Poisoning.—The Grenada (Mi.) Register, of the 29th ult. states that the family of Mr. G. Morehead, residing near the Yazoo pass, were recently poisoned (as is supposed) by eating peaches which had been *dried upon a painted scaffold*—"the acid of the peaches, combining with the alkaline and other properties of the white lead, probably producing a poison like sugar of lead." Mrs. M. and two of the children died. The other members of the family recovered.

NOTICES.

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTIONS.

To the friends of the slave, in the counties of Oswego, Onondaga, and Cayuga, New-York.

The American Anti-Slavery Society has made arrangements to hold a series of anti-slavery conventions, in the towns and counties following, at the times and places specified in the annexed table; at which our faithful and devoted friends, J. N. T. Tucker, and Ezra C. Smith, have consented to be present. Other speakers will probably be in attendance.

Cayuga County.

Conquest, Friday and Saturday, Dec. 9 and 10.
Victory, Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 13 and 14.
Ira, Friday and Saturday, Dec. 16 and 17.
Pitts' Corners, Tues. and Wednesday, Dec. 20 and 21.

Oswego County.

Fulton, Friday and Saturday, Dec. 23 and 24.
Palermo, Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 27 and 28.
Mexico, Friday and Saturday, Dec. 30 and 31.
New Haven, Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 3 and 4.
Colosse, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 6 and 7.
Fort Brewerton, Tues. and Wednesday, Jan. 10 and 11.

Onondaga County.

Cicero, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 13 and 14.
Clay, Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 17 and 18.
Liverpool, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 20 and 21.
Elbridge, Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 24 and 25.
Jordon, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 27 and 28.
Sennet, Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 31 and Feb. 1.

The friends of the cause of human rights in the foregoing places and vicinity, are earnestly requested to have the notices of these meetings as widely circulated as possible, and to secure places for holding them. Let no pains be spared, on your part, to secure numerous gatherings. This is a most favorable season for prosecuting the anti-slavery movement. The farmers at this season of the year are at leisure. The people need light on this question, and they *must* have it. By your hearty co-operation with Messrs. Smith and Tucker, these places may be fully abolitionized. Let the deep affliction and bitter cries of the helpless victim reach your ears and hearts, that you may go and do as those "remembering a brother in bonds," or a sister in the chains of a terrible despotism.

☞ Friends of the slave! friends Tucker and Smith are cordially commended to your confidence, hospitality, and liberality.

JOHN A. COLLINS,
Gen. Agent A. A. S. S.

CONVENTIONS IN WESTERN NEW-YORK.

James N. Blakesley and Jacob Ferris, agents of the American Anti-Slavery Society, will attend conventions to be holden at the following places, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. and to continue two days.

Ontario County.

Manchester, Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 13 and 14.
Victor, Friday and Saturday, Dec. 16 and 17.

Wayne County.

Macedon, Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 20 and 21.
Wallworth, Friday and Saturday, Dec. 23 and 24.
Ontario, Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 27 and 28.
Williamson, Friday and Saturday, Dec. 30 and 31.
Marion, Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 3 and 4.
Palmyra, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 6 and 7.

Messrs. Blakesly and Ferris will lecture on the intermediate evenings, at such places as the friends shall think proper.

The friends of the slave in the different localities are requested to make all the necessary arrangements, and extend the notice as widely as possible. A more favorable time has never been known, to impress the public mind with anti-slavery truth. A spirit of inquiry is abroad in the land, which will not down, at any man's bidding. The slave is still clanking his chains on our soil, anxiously waiting the dawn of freedom's day. His soul is crushed beneath the ponderous weight of despotism; his energies are dried up; his intellect blasted; his sympathies mocked, and his affections outraged. Friends, let us be up and doing!

Brethren Blakesly and Ferris are commended to your confidence; and it is hoped you will cheerfully co-operate with them in awakening the public mind, in forming societies, circulating periodicals and tracts, raising funds, and such other things as will tend to forward the glorious cause of freedom.

JOHN A. COLLINS,
Gen. Agent A. A. S. S.

A Quarterly meeting of the Bucks County Anti-Slavery Society will be held in the New Prospect School-house, on 7th day, the 10th of December, at 10 o'clock, A.M.

The members are requested to come prepared for a short mass during the meeting. The friends of Freedom are requested to be at this meeting, to give their undivided expression of sentiment in regard to the late cases of *kidnapping* in our county.

WM. BURGESS, *Secretary.*

PHILADELPHIA FEMALE A. S. SOCIETY.

A stated meeting of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society will be held in the hall, on the north-west corner of Vine and Fourth streets, on 5th day evening, the 8th inst. at 7 o'clock.

ANNA M. HOPPER, *Sec'y.*

PHILADELPHIA FAIR.

The Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society will hold a Fair at the Assembly Buildings, corner of Tenth and Chesnut street, on the 22d, 23d, and 24th of December, commencing on the evening of the 22d inst. at 7 o'clock.

It is requested that all articles intended for the Philadelphia Fair, be sent to Edwin M. Davis's, Tenth street, between Cherry and Race, west side; or to the Anti-Slavery Office, No. 31 North Fifth street, on or before the 20th inst.

NOTICE.

An adjourned meeting of the Union Free Produce Society will be held in Bart (Friends') meeting-house, on first day, the 25th inst. at 2 o'clock, P. M.

BENJ. KENT, *Rec. Sec.*

12th mo 1st, 1842.

NOTICE.

The sixth anniversary of the Colored Orphan Asylum will be held at the Lyceum of Natural History, Broadway, near Prince street, on second day (Monday) evening, the 12th inst at half past 7 o'clock.

The children will be present, and rehearse some of their exercises; and an address may be expected from Theodore Frelinghuysen, and from J. McCune Smith, M. D. A collection will also be taken up. The managers will be gratified by a general attendance.

In case of a storm, the meeting will be deferred until the 15th.

A meeting of the Union Society of Bucktingham and Plumstead will be held at Buckingham School-house, on First day afternoon, at 2 1-2 o'clock, on the 11th day of December, when lectures may be expected on the subject of slavery.

PHILADELPHIA FAIR.—NOTICE TO FARMERS.

As there may be some farmers or others in this country who wish to contribute to the object, but whom it may not suit to be present, or to send, at the precise time the Fair is held. All such are informed that their poultry and other produce will be quite as acceptable if forwarded, any time between this and then, to the Anti-Slavery Office, and that it will be duly disposed of by the agent, and its proceeds handed over to the Committee on the Fair.

PHILADELPHIA CITY AND COUNTY CONVENTION.

An anti-slavery convention for the city and county of Philadelphia, and parts adjacent, will be held on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the 21st, 22d, and 23d of December. The exact hour and place of meeting will be made known in due time.

This convention is designed to take the place of the usual winter meeting of the State society, and is expected to be fully as large and interesting. Some choice speakers, and choice spirits from different parts of the country will be in attendance.

☞ Every member of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, and all persons interested in the cause, whether in the State or out of the State, are especially and earnestly invited to attend.

As the meeting is to take place nearly simultaneously with the Fair—which will be one of unusual attraction, and at a time of leisure among the farmers, it is hoped that there will be a full turn out from the country.

By order of the committee, J. M. McKIM.

NINTH MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR. ADDRESS.

The undersigned, deeply interested in the anti-slavery cause, and feeling it to be one which will have the warmest support of every good man and woman, have decided to do what they

Poetry.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

ANSWER TO A LETTER FROM A FRIEND.

BY SUSAN WILSON.

Nay, nay, however green and bright
The wreaths of Fame—are we not taught
By many a tale of suffering,
That it may be too dearly bought?

Say not, "it may be lightly won;"
Do not once soaring spirits bow
To earthly idols—and but gain
A laurel for an aching brow?

Should Fashion's vot'ries praise my lays,
Should they be prais'd by sordid men,
Applauded in the gay saloon—
If I could win such fame—what then?

I'd rather that one suff'ring slave
Should find my song his spirit cheer;
I'd rather that my verse should bring
To eyes that seldom weep, a tear;

To eyes that have look'd coldly on
The agony of the oppress'd—
That it should touch the trembling cord
Of feeling, in one gen'rous breast.

Then while I ask not Fame, whose voice
Is but of worth a doubtful token,
Oh, for a place in warm, true hearts!
Although their feelings be unspoken.

SLAVEHOLDER'S PARODY.

The southern Methodists, while enslaving their neighbors, are in the habit of singing at their religious festivals a hymn in celebration of the Heavenly Union, that prevails among them. Some genius has parodied their canticle, so as to have it suit their slave-holding meridian; and here it is. It would be as much as the reader's sides were worth, to hear Frederic Douglas, the fugitive, sing it, on the way home from an anti-slavery convention, among a car-load of abolitionists.—*Herald of Freedom.*

Come, saints and sinners, hear me tell,
How pious priests whip Jack and Nell,
And women buy, and children sell,
And preach all sinners down to hell,
And sing of heavenly union.

They'll bleat and ba, dona like goats,
Gorge down black sheep, and strain at motes,
Array their backs in fine black coats,
And seize their negroes by their throats,
And choke for heavenly union.

They'll church you if you sip a dram,
And damn you if you steal a lamb,
Yet rob old Tony, Doll, and Sam,
Of human rights, and bread, and ham,
Kidnapper's heavenly union.

They'll talk of heaven, and Christ's reward,
And bind His image with a cord,
And scold, and swing the cord abhorr'd,
And sell their brother in the Lord,
To handcuff'd heavenly union.

They'll read and sing a sacred song,
And make a prayer, both loud and long,
And teach the right, and do the wrong,
Hailing the brother, sister throng,
With words of heavenly union.

We wonder how such saints can sing,
Or praise the Lord upon the wing,
Who roar and scold, and whip and sting,
And to their slaves and mammon cling,
In guilty conscience's union.

They'll raise tobacco, corn, and rye,
And drive and thieve, and cheat and lie,
And lay up treasures in the sky,
By making switch and cowskin fly,
In hope of heavenly union.

They'll crack old Tony on the skull,
And preach, and roar, like Bashan-bull,
Or braying ass, of mischief full,
Then seize old Jacob by the wool,
And pull for heavenly union.

A roaring, ranting, sleek man-thief,
Who lived on mutton, veal, and beef,
And never would afford relief,
To needy, sable sons of grief,
Was big with heavenly union.

Love not the world, the preacher said,
And winked his eye, and shook his head,
He seized on Tom, and Dick, and Ned,
Cut short their meat, and clothes, and bread,
Yet still loved heavenly union.

Another preacher whining spoke,
Of one whose heart for sinners broke;
He tied old Nanny to an oak,
And drew the blood at every stroke,
And prayed for heavenly union.

Two others ope'd their iron jaws,
And wav'd their children-stealing paws,
There sat their children in gew-gaws—
By stinting negroes' backs and maws,
They keep up heavenly union.

All good from Jack another takes,
And entertains their flirts and rakes,
Who dress as glossy snakes,
And cram their mouths with sweeten'd cakes,
And this goes down for union.

From the Anti-Slavery Reporter.

LEGGETT'S MONUMENT.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Ye bui d the tombs of the prophets."—Holy Writ.

Yes—pile the marble o'er him!—It is well
That ye who mock'd him in his long, stern strife,
And planted in the pathway of his life
The ploughshares of you hatred, hot from hell—
Who trampled down the just reformer, when
He pleaded for his captive fellow-men—
Who spurned him in the market-place, and sought,
Within thy walls, St. Tammany, to bind
In *party* chains the free and honest thought,
The angel-utterance of an upright mind;
Well is it now that o'er his grave ye raise,
The stony tribute of your tardy praise;
For not alone that pile shall tell to fame
Of the brave heart beneath, but of the builders' shame.

SONNET.

BY MILTON.

I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs,
By the known rules of ancient liberty,
When straight a barbarous noise environs me,
Of owls, and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs;
As when those hinds, that were transformed to frogs,
Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progeny,
Which after held the sun and moon in fee.
But this is got by casting pearls to hogs;
That bawl for freedom, in their senseless mood,
And still revolt when *truth* would set them free:
License they mean, when they cry *liberty*;
For who loves that, must first be wise and good;
But from *that* mark, how far *they* rove we see,
For all this waste of wealth and loss of blood.

To those who prattle of despair,
Some friend, methinks, might wisely say,
Each day, no question, has its care,
And also every care its day.—*Stirling.*

Miscellany.

THE IRON SHROUD.

A TALE OF ITALY.

The castle of the Prince of Tolfi was built on the summit of the towering and precipitous rock of Scylla, and commanded a magnificent view of Sicily in all its grandeur. Here, during the wars of the middle ages, when the fertile plains of Italy were devastated by hostile factions, those prisoners were confined, for whose ransom a costly price was demanded. Here, too, in a dungeon, excavated deep in the solid rock, the miserable victim was immured, whom revenge pursued,—the dark, fierce, and unpitying revenge of an Italian heart.

Vivenzio—the noble and the generous, the fearless in battle, and the pride of Naples in her sunny hours of peace—the young, the brave, the proud Vivenzio, fell beneath the subtile and remorseless spirit. He was the prisoner of Tolfi, and languished in that rock-encircled dungeon, which stood alone, and whose portals never opened twice upon a living captive.

It had the semblance of a vast cage; for the roof, and floor, and sides were of iron, solidly wrought and spaciously constructed. High above there ran a range of seven grated windows, guarded with massy bars of the metal, which admitted light and air. Save these, and the tall folding doors beneath them, which occupied the centre, no chink, or chasm, or projection, broke the smooth, black surface of the walls. An iron bedstead, littered with straw, stood in one corner; and beside it, a vessel with water, and a coarse dish, filled with coarser food.

Even the intrepid soul of Vivenzio shrunk with dismay as he entered this abode, and heard the ponderous doors tripple-locked by the silent ruffians who conducted him to it. Their silence seemed prophetic of his fate, of the living grave that had been prepared for him. His menaces and entreaties, his indignant appeals for justice, and his impatient questioning of their intentions, were alike vain. They listened, but spoke not. Fit ministers of a crime that should have no tongue.

How dismal was the sound of their retiring steps! And, as their faint echoes died along the winding passages, a fearful presage grew within him, that never more the face, or voice, or tread of man would greet his senses. He had seen human beings for the last time! And he had looked his last upon the bright sky, and upon the smiling earth, and upon a beautiful world he loved, and whose minion he had been! Here he was to end his life—a life he had just begun to revel in! And by what means? By secret poison? or by murderous assault? No—for then it had been needless to bring him thither. Famine, perhaps—a thousand deaths in one! It was terrible to think of it—but it was yet more terrible to picture long, long years of captivity, in a solitude so appalling, a loneliness so dreary, that thought, for want of fellowship, would lose itself in madness, or stagnate into idiocy.

He could not hope to escape, unless he had the power, with his own hands, of rending asunder the solid iron walls of his prison. He could not hope for liberty from the relenting mercies of his enemy. His instant death, under any form of refined cruelty, was not the object of Tolfi, for he might have inflicted it, and he had not. It was too evident, therefore, he was reserved for some premeditated scheme of subtile vengeance; and what vengeance could transcend in fiendish malice, either the slow death of famine, or the still slower one of solitary incarceration, till the last lingering spark of life expired, or till reason fled, and nothing should remain to perish but the brute functions of the body?

It was evening when Vivenzio entered his dungeon, and the approaching shades of night wrapped it in total darkness, as he paced up and down, revolving in his mind these horrible forebodings. No tolling bell from the castle, or from any neighboring church or convent, struck upon his ears, to tell how the hours passed. Frequently he would stop and listen for some sound that might betoken the vicinity of man; but the solitude of the desert, the silence of the tomb, are not so still and deep as the oppressive desolation by which he was encompassed. His heart sunk within him, and he threw himself dejectedly upon his couch of straw. Here sleep gradually obliterated the consciousness of misery, and bland dreams wafted his delighted spirit to scenes which were once glowing realities for him, in whose ravishing illusions he soon lost the remembrance that he was Tolfi's prisoner.

When he awoke, it was daylight, but how long he had slept he knew not. It might be early morning, or it might be sultry noon, for he could measure time by no other note of its progress than light and darkness. He had been so happy in his sleep, amid friends who loved him, and the sweeter endearments of those who loved him as friends could not, that in the first moments of waking, his startled mind seemed to admit the knowledge of his situation, as if it had burst upon him for the first time, fresh in all its appalling horrors. He gazed round with an air of doubt and amazement, and took up a handful of the straw upon which he lay, as though he would ask himself what it meant. But memory, too faithful to her office, soon unveiled the melancholy past, while reason, shuddering at the task, flashed before his eyes the tremendous future. The contrast overpowered him. He remained for some time lamenting, like a truth, the bright visions that had vanished, and recoiling from the present, which clung to him as a poisoned garment.

When he grew more calm, he surveyed his gloomy dungeon. Alas! the stronger light of day only served to confirm what the gloomy indistinctness of the preceding evening had partially disclosed, the utter impossibility of escape. As, however, his eyes wandered round and round, and from place to place, he noticed two circumstances which excited his surprise and curiosity. The one, he thought, might be fancy; but the other, was positive. His pitcher of water, and the dish which contained his food, had been removed from his side while he slept, and now stood near the door. Were he even inclined to doubt this, by supposing he had mistaken the spot where he saw them over night, he could not, for the pitcher now in his dungeon was neither of the same form nor color as the other, while the food was changed for some of better quality. He had been visited, therefore, during the night. But how had the person obtained entrance? Could he have slept so soundly, that the unlocking and opening of those ponderous portals were effected without waking him? He would have said this was not possible, but that in doing so, he must admit a greater difficulty, an entrance by other means, of which he was convinced there existed none. It was not intended, then, that he should be left to perish from hunger. But the secret and mysterious mode of supplying him with food, seemed to indicate he was to have an opportunity of communicating with no human being.

The other circumstance which had attracted his notice, was the disappearance, as he believed, of one of the seven grated windows that ran along the top of his prison. He felt confident that he had observed and counted them; for he was rather surprised at their number, and there was something peculiar in their form, as well as in the manner of their arrangement, at equal distances. It was so much easier, however, to suppose he was mistaken, than that a portion of the solid iron, which formed the walls, could have escaped from its position, that he soon dismissed the thought from his mind.

Vivenzio partook of the food that was before him, without apprehension. It might be poisoned; but if it were, he knew he could not escape death, should such be the design of Tolfi; and the quickest death would be the speediest release.

The day passed wearily and gloomily; though not without a faint hope that, by keeping watch at night, he might observe when the person came again to bring him food, which he supposed he would do in the same way as before. The mere thought of being approached by a living creature, and the opportunity it would present of learning the doom prepared, or preparing for him, imparted some comfort. Besides, if he came alone, might he not, in a furious onset, overpower him? Or he might be accessible to pity, or the influence of such munificent rewards as he might bestow, if once more at liberty and master of himself. Say he was armed, the worst that could befall, if not bribes, nor prayers, nor force prevailed, was a faithful blow, which, though dealt in a damned cause, might work a desired end. There was no chance so desperate, but it looked lovely in Vivenzio's eyes, compared with the idea of being totally abandoned.

The night came—Vivenzio watched. Morning came, and Vivenzio was confounded! He must have slumbered without knowing it. Sleep must have stolen over him when exhausted by fatigue, and in that interval of feverish repose, he had been baffled; for there stood his replenished pitcher of water, and there his day's meal! Nor was that all. Casting his looks towards the windows of his dungeon, he counted but FIVE! Here was no deception; and he was now convinced there had been none the day before. But what did all this portend? Into what strange and mysterious den had he been cast? He gazed till his eyes ached; he could discover nothing to explain the mystery. That it was so, he knew. Why it was so, he racked his imagination in vain to conjecture. He examined the doors. A single circumstance convinced him they had not been opened.

A wisp of straw, which he had carelessly thrown against them the preceding day, as he passed to and fro, remained where he had cast it, though it must have been displaced by the slightest motion of either of the doors. This was evidence that could not be disputed; and it followed that there must be some secret machinery in the walls, by which a person could enter. He inspected them closely. They appeared to him one solid and compact mass of iron; or joined, if joined they were, with such nice art, that no mark of divison was perceptible. Again and again he surveyed them—and the floor—and the roof—and the range of visionary windows, as he was now almost tempted to consider them; he could discover nothing, to relieve his doubts, or satisfy his curiosity. Sometimes he fancied that altogether the dungeon had a more contracted appearance—that it looked smaller; but this he ascribed to fancy, and the impression naturally produced upon his mind by the undeniable disappearance of two of the windows.

With intense anxiety, Vivenzio looked forward to the return of night; and as it approached, he resolved that treacherous sleep should not again betray him. Instead of seeking his bed of straw, he continued to walk up and down his dungeon till daylight, straining his eyes in every direction through the darkness, to watch for any appearances that might explain these mysteries. While thus engaged, and as near as he could judge, (by the time that afterwards elapsed before the morning came in,) about two o'clock, there was a slight, tremulous motion of the floor. He stooped. The motion lasted nearly a minute; but it was so extremely gentle, that he almost doubted whether it was real, or imaginary. He listened. Not a sound could be heard. Presently, however, he felt a rush of cold air blow upon him; and dashing towards the quarter whence it seemed to proceed, he stumbled over something which he judged to be the water ewer. The rush of cold air was no longer perceptible; and as Vivenzio stretched out his hands, he found himself close to the walls. He remained motionless for a considerable time; but nothing occurred during the remainder of the night to excite his attention, though he continued to watch with unabated vigilance.

The first approaches of the morning were visible through the grated windows, breaking, with faint divisions of light, the darkness that still pervaded every other part, long before Vivienzo was enabled to distinguish any object in his dungeon. Instinctively and fearfully he turned his eyes, hot and inflamed with watching, towards them. There were *four!* He could see only four; but it might be that some intervening object prevented the fifth from becoming perceptible; and he waited impatiently to ascertain if it were so. As the light strengthened, however, and penetrated every corner of the cell, other objects of amazement struck his sight. On the ground lay the broken fragments of the pitcher he had used the day before, and at a small distance from them, nearer to the wall, stood the one he had used the first night. It was filled with water, and beside it was his food. He was now certain, that, by some mechanical contrivance, an opening was obtained through the iron wall, and that through this opening the current of air had found entrance. But how noiseless! For had a feather almost waved at the time, he must have heard it. Again he examined that part of the wall; but both to sight and touch it appeared one even and uniform surface, while to repeated and violent blows, there was no reverberating sound indicative of hollowness.

This perplexing mystery had for a long time withdrawn his thoughts from the windows; but now, directing his eyes again towards them, he saw that the fifth had disappeared in the same manner as the preceding two, without the least distinguishable alteration of external appearances. The remaining four looked as the seven had originally looked; that is, occupying at irregular distances, the top of the wall on that side of the dungeon. The tall, folding door, too, still seemed to stand beneath, in the centre of these four, as it had first stood in the centre of the seven. But he could no longer doubt what on the preceding day he fancied might be the effect of visual deception. The dungeon was smaller—the roof had lowered—and the opposite ends had contracted the intermediate distance by a space equal, he thought, to that over which the three windows had extended. He was bewildered in vain imaginings to account for these things. Some frightful purpose—some devilish torture of mind or body—some unheard-of-device for producing exquisite misery, lurked, he was sure, in what had taken place.

Oppressed with this belief, and distracted more by the dreadful uncertainty of whatever fate impended, than he could be dismayed, he thought, by the knowledge of the worst, he sat ruminating, hour after hour, yielding his fears in succession to every haggard fancy. At last, a horrible suspicion suddenly flashed across his mind, and he started up with a frantic air. "Yes!" he exclaimed, looking wildly around his dungeon, and shuddering as he spoke; "yes, it must be so! I see it!—I feel the maddening truth like scorching flames upon my brain! Eternal God! support me! It must be so!—Yes, yes, that is to be my fate! Yon roof will descend! these walls will hem me round—and slowly, slowly crush me in their iron arms! Lord God! look down upon me, and in mercy strike me with instant death! Oh, fiend—oh, devil—is this your revenge?

He dashed himself upon the ground in agony; tears burst from him, and the sweat stood in large drops upon his face—he sobbed aloud—he tore his hair—he rolled about like one suffering intolerable anguish of body, and would have bitten the iron floor beneath him; he breathed fearful curses upon Tolfi, and the next moment passionate prayers to heaven for immediate death. Then the violence of his grief became exhausted, and he lay still, weeping as a child would weep. The twilight of departing day shed its gloom around him ere he arose from that posture of utter and hopeless sorrow.—He had taken no food. Not a drop of water had cooled the fever of his parched lips. Sleep had not visited his eyes for six-and-thirty hours. He was faint with hunger; weary with watching, and with the excess of his emotions. He tasted of his food; he drank with avidity of the water; and reeling like a drunken man to his straw, cast himself upon it to brood again over the appalling image that fastened itself upon his almost frenzied thoughts.

He slept. But his slumbers were not tranquil. He resisted, as long as he could, their approach; and when, at last, enfeebled nature yielded to their influence, he found no oblivion from his cares.—Terrible dreams haunted him—ghastly visions harrowed up his imagination—he shouted and screamed, as if he already felt the dungeon's ponderous roof descending on him—he breathed hard and thick, as though writhing between its iron walls. Then would he spring up—stare wildly about him—stretch forth his hands to be sure he had space enough to live—and muttering some incoherent words, sink down again, to pass through the same fierce vicissitudes of delirous sleep.

(To be continued.)

From the Portsmouth Journal.

PECULIAR TRAITS OF SOUTHERN LIFE—CONDITION OF WOMAN—HER STRANGE SECLUSION—TRUE AND FALSE CIVILIZATION—SOUTHERN CHIVALRY.

It has been before remarked, that the customs and character of the people of Savannah, are marked by a deeper impression of the peculiar traits of southern life—that its spirits and habitudes are more of the South, than those of its gayer and more brilliant rival, Charleston; and of this obvious distinctiveness of southern life, no trace is more impressive than the peculiar usages of southern society in regard to woman, by whose position and estimate the degree of civilized culture is usually measured.

The uncommon and even anxious attention of southern custom to preserve the delicacy of woman, makes of her a prude in spite of her nature. A seclusion, almost Mahommedan, is demanded of her by the exactions of southern fashion. Scarcely a female is ever seen in the more public streets of Richmond or Savannah, and a woman would immediately lose caste to be seen walking unattended upon the Bay or principal business street of the latter. No lady of rank or fashion, in any southern town, would dare incur the notoriety if not odium of being seen, for a moment, at the postoffice, at the main entrance of a tavern, or at any point most selected as a lounge and haunt of the opposite sex. In all but city churches and congregations, and even in many of these, the males and females are cautiously divided, and carefully pitted against each other at opposite sides of the edifice. None but an absolute *fiancée* or betrothed is ever allowed, by the rules of respectable society, to take the arm of an unmarried man, or to be seen, for a moment, exchanging with him words or even glances under the open sky of heaven. No female ever trusts her brittle fragile self to travel in a stage-coach, railroad car, or private carriage, but under the strong guardianship and protection of some male relative or intimate. Nor is this strange and sedulous seclusion confined to the unmarried, but it extends to all ages as well as conditions of female life. The proudest matron of society, whose position in its scale of being has long since been indelibly and irrevocably fixed, dares not be seen in the street by moonlight unattended by her Cavalier Servante, though this same cavalier is often naught but some gigantic negro of her own household.

Much of this peculiar opinion has undoubtedly come in vogue through the secret and unacknowledged, but yet instinctive dread of negro enormities; for among the weaker and more timid of southern society, there ever exists a vague though perpetual dread of awful and atrocious consequences always impending over the heads of the white population, from the artificial contexture and unharmonious elements of the social system there prevalent. But this, when allowed the full influence of its effects, is not sufficient to account for all the phenomena of this strange prudishness, this extravagant perversion of nature. The highest civilization demands, at the same time, of woman, a cultivation of that delicate sensitiveness which is her pride and chief adornment, and a full expansion of her intellectual nature by the free and unfettered range of her observation and inquiries over all modes of thought, all experiences of life. The Odalisque of the harem is delicate as the half-opened petals of the rose of the East, and this is all her boast, for when this fragile attractiveness is faded, her whole mission in life is over. With no soul to her merely earthly being, no nature or inheritance in the mind itself, she is but a gilded toy, regarded only while yet undefaced as serviceable to a selfish delight, but utterly incapable of inspiring that reverence that springs from the assertion of her true nature and dignity.

I am well aware that the old proverb, *honi soit qui mal y pense*, is allowed no applicability or point in the estimation of American society, and that in none of our parlors or galleries does conventional decency allow of paintings, but of tailor's and millener's garments—or of statues, unless in long pantaloons and short jackets; but this is nothing to the restrained compass in which the men of the South are compelled to move in the presence of their ladye-loves; a fowl is allowed to have no legs at all, but merely limbs—hogs are never hogs, but pigs—the generic term mule, is, by a sad mis-appliance, made to father whole herds of his longer-eared relatives, and I have even known a modest young man much censured, for making use at table of the term digestible, as applied to the nature of different vegetables.

Southern females being so unjustly curtailed of their fair liberties, have indeed thus turned upon their tormentors and tyrants the even-handed justice of making them, while in their presence, submit to the galling restraint of their own yoke. This is, in some quarters, carried to such a pitch of extravagance, that woman would seem a being so tender and delicate as to be in perpetual danger of being broken like glass, by merely coming in contact with man—that the highest destiny of woman is to be a literal angel, ignorant alike and uncontaminated by the soilment of matter.

I have alluded, above, to a partial cause of this peculiarity of southern custom, that which resides in the peculiar structure of southern society, in which the white female is perpetually contrasted, much to her advantage, with the negress, and in the unsafe exposure of the weak and defenseless to the incursions of a danger, which, if never acknowledged, is still consciously felt, amidst conditions of life so unequal. But beyond this, there is apparent, upon a close observation of southern life, a species of lurking and secret jealousy of women—an oriental desire of confining her to a state of restriction and surveillance—an overweening anxiety in man to engross all her social as well as domestic relations to himself alone. But this seems far from being founded upon any extravagant or exalted notions of the inherent dignity of woman. In southern domestic life, the appreciation of woman is not even just; for here man is stern and inflexible in refusing to yield a jot or tittle of his natural or conventional right of authority, and southern females much transcend those of the North in their ready habits of implicit obedience, which, in many cases, I have observed to be even anxiously deferential.

In fact, as southern society, in many of its aspects exhibits traits of the medœval character, rather than of a later civilization, so the condition of woman in this society is fixed and graduated by customs which have become obsolete wherever this later and higher civilization prevails. The condition of woman amidst the boasted, yet bastard chivalry of the South, resembles, in the same degree, the condition of woman in the times of true chivalry. She is regarded, in external form, as a goddess, to be worshipped, but at the same time and in reality, as a child and plaything, to be allowed no will of her own. Man, her lord, is emulous and constant to pay at her footstool the tribute of his ostentatious homage, though chiefly moved by a secret consciousness that the poor feeble thing, by the contrast she presents to his power and strength, but adds to the eclat of his own more exalted position.

Add to this, that in all southern nations, through the jealous policy of society, woman has been the more secluded and restrained almost in just proportion to the lowness of the latitude. In ancient Greece, none but courtesans, like Aspasia, were permitted the free development of their intellectual nature, in exchange for which they were content to forfeit their rank in social esteem; and though a few of the Roman matrons have, through extraordinary coincidences, secured to their high honor a memory of themselves in the annals of their nation, this immortality of their name has been chiefly reflected back to them through their connection with illustrious sons, fathers, or husbands. They possessed no such personal importance in the State as that held by females amidst the rudest tribes of uncivilized Germany, of the Gauls, or the Celts. Among the Arabs, no less civilized, woman both before and since the advent of Mahommed, has been but a drudge and slave of man; while, as in mockery of her abject condition, the Arabian salutation is constantly repeated—"may you be happy—may your children be boys—and may the evil tidings of an infant daughter never meet your ear."

CRAB AND SNAP SMITH.

"Does Mr. Smith live here?"

"Which Mr. Smith? There are many of that name in these parts."

"The man I want, is a sour, crabbed chap, and they call him, Crab Smith."

"O, I'spose I'm the man."

This Crab Smith resided at one time in Fairhaven. He was always finding fault with something.

"The Medusa brought in a fine cargo of oil," said I. "Yes," he would answer, "but oil is low now." At another time the Quamphegan arrived, I met Smith. "Well," said I, "oil is enormously high."

"Yes," said he, "but the Quamphegan has but 2,000 barrels." When the Medusa had again arrived, she brought 2,500 barrels, and oil was high. I congratulated Mr. Smith. "Ah," said he, "if it were not for the five hundred barrels of *whale* oil, we might make something."

Crab Smith had a brother in Hyannis, who was indeed of the same kith and kin. They called him Snap Smith. He was a man who kept the terrapin a year, expecting to hear it sing, under the impression that he had captured what he called a "turtle dove." A neighbor of Snap had killed and dressed a hog. "If I had half of that," said Snap, "I should think myself well off."

The neighbor was a good soul, and he wished to see Snap easy once in his life, so he sent Snap half the hog. I met Snap a day or two after, as I was crossing over from the Port. "A valuable present," said I, "considering the hard times." "I don't know about that," said he; "come to cut it up, there was a *dreadful* little mess of it. If I'd had *t'other half* too, it might a been somethin' worth while.—*Boston Post.*

SUBMARINE TELESCOPE.

This is a contrivance for lighting up the dominions of the deep, invented by a lady—Mrs. Mather, of Brooklyn—who obtained a patent for her invention last July. It consists simply of a common lamp, enclosed in a glass globe about eighteen inches in diameter. The lamp, thus protected from the water, is, when submerged, supplied with air by means of tubes which rise above the top of the water. There is also a large tube between these two, for the escape of the smoke and gas from the lamp to the surface.

This instrument we saw in operation last evening, at the American Museum, in a vessel of war about four and a half feet deep. A pin at the bottom could be as distinctly seen as though there had been no water in the vessel. The inventor says that objects have been as distinctly seen by means of the lamp alone, in our harbor, twenty-two feet below the surface, at a distance of from fifteen to twenty feet from the light. When the lamp is sunk lower than this, a telescope is needed. Objects may thus be discovered at almost any depth.

The apparatus it is thought will be very useful in the discovery of sunken wrecks, in the construction of fortifications, and all the works extending to the water. No vessel, it is predicted, will, ere long, go to sea without it, as by attaching a mirror to the telescope, the bottom and keel of a ship may be examined when under full sail. This instrument has been seen and approved by several engineers and naval gentlemen. It is exhibited only in the evening.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

DICKENS'S NOTES.

In Dickens's Notes on America, as in all his writings, there are some passages deeply imbued with beauty, feeling, and with truth. Such is the character of the following paragraph, occasioned by witnessing the distressed condition of some emigrants in Montreal:

"Cant as we may, and as we shall, to the end of all things, it is very much harder for the poor to be virtuous than it is for the rich; and the good that is in them shines the brighter for it. In many a noble mansion lives a man, the best of husbands and of fathers, whose private worth in both capacities is justly lauded to the skies. But bring him here, upon this crowded deck, strip from his fair, young wife her silken dress and jewels, unbind her braided hair, stamp early wrinkles on her brow, pinch her pale cheek with care and much privation, array her faded form in coarsely-patched attire, let there be nothing but his love to set her forth or deck her out, and you shall put it to the proof indeed. So change his station in the world, that he shall see in those young things who climb about his knee, not records of his wealth and name, but little wrestlers with him for his daily bread; so many poachers on his scanty meal; so many units to divide his every sum of comfort, and further to reduce its small amount. In lieu of the endearments of childhood in its sweetened aspect, heap upon him all its pains and wants, its sicknesses and ills, its fretfulness, caprice, and querulous endurance; let its prattle be, not of engaging infant fancies, but of cold, and thirst, and hunger; and if his fatherly affection outlive all this, and he be patient, watchful, tender; careful of his children's lives, and mindful always of their joys and sorrows; then send him back to parliament, and pulpit, and quarter sessions, and when he hears fine talk of the depravity of those who live from hand to mouth, and labor hard to do it, let him speak up, as one who knows, and tell those holders forth that they, by parallel with such a class, should be high angels in their daily lives, and lay but humble siege to Heaven at last."

A GREAT EVENT DOWN EAST.

The Portland Bulletin says, a friend of ours has been exciting our risibilities by relating a circumstance, which took place on the railroad, as the cars were coming in the other afternoon. While the fire steed was putting in his prettiest licks, shooting along the track like a meteor—the engineer discovered far ahead a man swaying to and fro a large stick as if making signs. Supposing that some accident might have happened to the rails, or that some impediment might be in the way, he prudently shut off the steam, and put on all force to check the progress of the cars so that they came to a dead halt on arriving at the spot where the man stood.

"What is the matter?" inquired the conductor.

"Matter!" thundered the chap, brandishing his stick on high in token of defiance; "I've fought your lions, your tigers, and your wild roaring bulls of Bashan, and do you think I'm afraid of a d——d old cook stove on wheels!" It turned out that the fellow was crazy, and that he had escaped from a neighboring house where he had been confined.

FOR HOUSEKEEPERS AND FARMERS.

Vegetable Soup.—The following is deemed very excellent by lovers of soup. Soak a pint of dry beans in lukewarm water over night, and boil them tender in the morning. Rub them, water and all, through a *hair* sieve; a wire sieve is apt to give an unpleasant flavor. Take half-a-dozen carrots, three or four turnips, a quarter of a common sized pumpkin, or the same quantity of good squash, half-a-dozen onions, and six or eight tomatoes. Boil these in a pailful of water, with a roast beef bone, or the remains of a roasted leg of mutton, till the vegetables are all done enough to rub easily through the sieve. Then take out the meat, and rub the remainder through the sieve, water and all. Add the bean porrage for thickening; season it with pepper and salt, to your taste, and throw in a few cloves, if you like them. Boil the whole till it is reduced to a gallon. Serve it up with slices of toasted bread in it. The French use no meat, but put in a little sweet butter, when it is done. From the last of August to February is the best season for making it; after that period, vegetables lose their flavor. The sweetest and best vegetables should be chosen. When tomatoes are out of season, some people substitute, a teacup of tomato-catsup, or a sliced root of celery.

New Cement.—A Mr. Jeffrey has discovered a new cement, said to be much cheaper and better than glue. It is composed of shellac and India rubber dissolved in naptha. A number of experiments were tried with it in England. In one of them, two pieces of *teak*, an oily African wood, very difficult to unite by glue, were cemented with this substance, and afterwards a force of twenty-one tons applied without separating the pieces. Heavy oak plank, eight inches thick, were glued together with it, and fired at repeatedly, by well charged and pointed cannon. The shot tore the wood, but did not affect the cement. A six-inch hole was then bored into the plank, and a shell exploded within it. The wood was torn to shivers, but the cement remained unharmed. If it really possesses such adhesive power, it will prove a valuable discovery.

Peat Compost.—According to the statement of Messrs. Phinney and Haggerston, as contained in the *Report on the Geographical and Agricultural Survey of Rhode Island*, by Dr. C. T. Jackson, a compost made of three parts of peat and one of stable manure, is equal in value to its bulk of clean stable dung, and is more permanent in its effects.

Dr. Jackson deems it essential that animal matters of some kind should be mixed with the peat, to aid the decomposition and produce the requisite gasses. Lime decomposes the peat, neutralizes the acids, and disengages the ammonia. The peat absorbs the ammonia, and becomes in part soluble in water. The soluble matter, according to Dr. Jackson, is the apocrenate of ammonia; crenate of ammonia, and crenate of lime being also dissolved. With an excess of animal matter and lime, free carbonate of ammonia is formed.

The peat should be laid down in layers with barnyard manure, night soil, dead fish, or any other animal matter, and then each layer strewed with lime. In Dr. Jackson's report, he has presented highly valuable results from the use of this compost, which deserves the attention of every agriculturist. He gives the following details of the manner in which the compost was prepared upon the farm of Mr. Sanford, near the village of Wickford, in North Kingston. "In the corner of the field a cleared and level spot was rolled down smooth and hard, and the swamp muck was spread upon it, forming a bed eight feet wide, about fifteen or twenty feet long, and nine inches thick. For every wagon load of the muck one barrel of fish was added, and the fish were spread on the surface of the muck, and allowed to become putrescent. The moment they began to decompose, he again covered them with peat, and a renewed layer of fish was spread and covered in the same manner. The fermentation was allowed to proceed for two or three weeks, when the compost was found to become fit for the land. To this he was advised to add lime in the proportion of one cask to each load of compost early in the spring, which it was supposed would complete the decomposition in two or three weeks. Such a heap should be rounded up and covered, so as to prevent the rain washing out the valuable salts, that form in it. And in case of the escape of much ammonia, more swamp muck or peat should be spread upon the heap, for the purpose of absorbing it." Dr. Jackson is of opinion that the phosphoric acid of the peat and animal matter would convert the lime into a phosphate, and thus approximate it very closely to bone manure.

Any refuse animal matter can be, of course, employed in a similar manner. "The carcass of a dead horse, which is often suffered to pollute the air by its noxious effluvia, has been happily employed in decomposing 20 tons of peat earth, and transforming it into the most enriching manure."

Night soil may be composted with peat with great advantage, sufficient lime being added to deprive it of odor: large quantities of ammonia are given off and absorbed.

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